

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,501, Vol. 96.

3 October, 1903.

6d.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We do not share the feeling of disappointment in Mr. Balfour which his speech seems to have aroused even in the youngest of his supporters. He did not choose to pose as "the organ voice of England"; he did not choose to reveal the names of the men to be appointed in the stead of ministers who have not yet given up the seals of office; but he gave a name and, Sheffield may boast, a local habitation to principles which will dominate British politics for many years. "I propose to ask the people to delete the doctrine that you must never put on taxation except for revenue purposes". That is the centre of the reform, and the arguments for the need of it were put with a force and given an impact which slipped from the scholarly logic and literary charm of the pamphlet. He made it clear that the threat against Canada had forced on reform. Neither our colonies nor the rest of the world intend to give up their devotion to protection; and with this plain fact to face, it is forced upon us to meet our colonies in the demand for the closer union which protection offers and, in regard to foreign countries, to exact the justice which we shall otherwise miss. This should entail no quarrel, no threat of war: "Tariff reforms can only be met by tariff replies." The party agents, as opposed to the imperial politicians, will be most interested in his downright statement that food taxation in the present state of public opinion is not within the limits of practical politics. It remains to be seen how far the impact of Mr. Chamberlain's energy will move this deep-rooted prejudice. But as the public stood a *1s.* duty, it should not need a great advance to make it endure to see that duty doubled.

The conference in the morning prior to Mr. Balfour's speech began under the presidency of the Earl of Derby with a resolution recording the loss of the nation and the party through the death of Lord Salisbury, and after the annual report made by Mr. F. W. Lowe, M.P., Chairman of the Council, was adopted a resolution calling on the Government to take action in regard to alien immigration was passed. At the afternoon meeting Sir J. Dorrington, M.P., moved that it was desirable to reconsider the fiscal system and approved of the Prime Minister's proposal to obtain the power of tariff negotiation. Mr. Chaplin, M.P., who supported the resolution had a markedly popular reception and he moved a rider expressing satisfaction with Mr. Chamberlain's action in forwarding the question. Mr. Lowe who presided had

stated that it would be desirable not to take the voting until after the Conference had heard Mr. Balfour's speech. This rule was adhered to by the subsequent speakers and no amendment was moved by Sir John Gorst, Lord Hugh Cecil, Mr. Winston Churchill or others who represented the views of the Unionist Free "Fooders". The debate was adjourned therefore until the Friday when the voting was to be decided. The gist of their observations was the prophecy of disaster at the elections if Conservatives proposed the taxation of food. Lord Hugh Cecil even committed himself to the audacious paradox that this would be to reverse the "traditional policy" of the Conservatives and brand them as "an apostate party".

Sir A. Acland Hood did a kindness in introducing at the beginning of the Conservative Conference at Sheffield an element of humour. He was in the chair at the dinner of Conservative agents on Wednesday evening, and after the best example of dinner presidents entirely prevented anyone taking the occasion too seriously. He promised the agents that there would be no general election for two years, and taking himself more seriously than he was taken added "I say this advisedly and I mean it". But it must not be thought that the chairman wholly neglected his most serious duties as Whip. He went on to recommend the agents not to lose "a great many bye-elections". It is only surprising that he did not further postpone the date. Was it that he estimated that in two years Mr. Chamberlain will have talked the country into sense and the general election can be properly held on the broader platform? It is worth remembering that as long ago as 1887 at the first meeting of the Conservative associations a programme almost identical with Mr. Chamberlain's to-day was passed by a majority of 1,000 to 12: and Mr. Bright declared that the Tory party was returning like a dog to its gorge. It is no new proposal that Mr. Chamberlain is putting before the country. Indeed Sir Howard Vincent, who by his memorable Fair Trade triumph at Oxford blazed into fame, might urge that Mr. Chamberlain is no more than a humble follower of his own.

One looks for a mixed lot at a gathering such as this, but really the conduct of a gang of the delegates passed all bounds of decency. They bawled down Sir John Gorst and Mr. Yerburch and we suppose that the only reason which induced them to listen in the least to Lord Hugh Cecil lay in the fact that he has a title: in their low order of political intelligence, bawlers and interrupters such as these wish to hear only one side of a question, and they do not understand that. These men are the suttlers and hungry hangers-on of great causes: they fasten like nits to the side that is going to win. We are quite out of sympathy with the views

of Sir John Gorst, Mr. Yerburch and Lord Hugh Cecil on this fiscal question, but we have nothing but admiration for the fearless way in which they put forward these views which they believe to be for the public good. In character and intelligence they really seem to us to belong to a different species of animal from those who shouted them down.

The letters of resignation sent by Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton to the Prime Minister were published on Thursday. Lord George Hamilton, it appears, when he sent in his resignation on 15 September, had no notion that Mr. Chamberlain had a week previously offered to retire; Mr. Chamberlain's offer having been overlooked at the Cabinet meetings on 14 and 15 September. The Opposition press is scandalised and there is some whimpering on the part of the Cobdenised Conservatives. Mr. Balfour, they put it, "economised the truth". Would it be very cynical—we are sure it would be resolutely candid—to remark that the conduct of human affairs demands that we shall not be spendthrifts with the truth? Fancy what would happen if everybody concerned in politics, and in high politics too, were to blurt out the truth, whole truth and nothing but it the instant he came by—or imagined he had come by—it! "In this world truth must wait", said Douglas Jerrold—"she's used to it". There may have been more philosophy in the witticism than he intended. Statesmen and diplomatists would be grossly wanting in a sense of duty if they went about blabbing the truth in and out of season. What an idle thing then it is to write and talk of the "suppressed" letters of resignation: it might as well be said that the full account of the interviews between Mr. Balfour and Lord Milner—which were kept up during a great part of the week—had been "suppressed"; that Mr. Balfour had not shown himself a lover of the truth in "suppressing" the conversations between himself and the King in regard to Cabinet reconstruction.

Whether Lord George Hamilton and Mr. Ritchie have cause to feel aggrieved on personal grounds with Mr. Balfour in that he did not tell them of Mr. Chamberlain's offer to retire—we are presuming that neither was told—is another thing. It may depend on custom and tradition in these matters. Is there really, for instance, an inner and an outer Cabinet? And, if there is, would it be desirable for everyone in the latter to be absolutely "up to date" in his information as to what was in the air among members of the former? We admit of course that it would have to be a very inner Cabinet indeed which did not include a Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the whole we may find our opinions in a somewhat fluid condition as regards this strictly personal question: possibly the Prime Minister was also without settled conviction in the matter?

Anyhow it all seems to have turned out for the best. Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton would be the first to admit that in a Government, presided over by a Prime Minister with the fiscal views of Mr. Balfour, they as out and out Cobdenites would be out of place. They really could not think of staying, whether Mr. Chamberlain went or not. We do not believe there was any deep-laid prime-ministerial plan to get rid of these Ministers: they got rid of themselves. But none the less the incident has recalled to us the droll case at Stockport years ago. The Stockport Conservatives wanted to retain one of their sitting members, who was clever and caustic, but they thought they would like a change from his colleague who was not of the same kidney. They felt that they could not, in decency, ask the M.P. who had failed to retire. They asked both to retire therefore, and this done, picked up later the caustic and clever one—who thoroughly understood the move, indeed was probably its instigator—and got a new colleague for him. Perhaps Mr. Balfour may pick up Mr. Chamberlain again by-and-bye.

There has been ample pap during the past week for the children who are interested in the fiscal question. When Lord Milner arrived at Charing Cross, and there met Sir Clinton Dawkins, his greeting was instantly taken down in shorthand. The "Daily News" had it first, and reproduced it thus: "How are you Milner—

how are you?" "Splendid, Dawkins, how—" but here he was cut short with an interviewer's "Would your lordship pardon me—do you propose to take the office of Colonial Secretary?" According to the "Times" he drove off in a motor brougham, the servants on which wore "the livery of Sir Clinton Dawkins". A Carlsbad correspondent sent a telegram to a Vienna paper—"we give it for what it is worth"—recording a conversation with Lord Milner who said he was to see the Prime Minister, and meanwhile could not say definitely whether he was going to be Colonial Secretary. Then we have been told what Mr. Balfour said to the Duke of Devonshire: this comes from Manchester: "If you resign Chamberlain will stay; if you stay Chamberlain will resign", he is reported to have said. It sounds like softening of the brain.

Mr. Chamberlain has written an introduction to a book consisting of fiscal articles which have appeared from day to day in the "Daily Telegraph". He has not added anything of striking novelty but perhaps the letter puts his whole point of view a little more clearly and precisely than he has put it before; and it is interesting to know the value which he attaches to the influence of literature on the campaign. Like Mr. Balfour's pamphlet the statement is of more value than the argument. Perhaps rightly the argument is left to the articles which Mr. Chamberlain introduces. The appeal is made chiefly to the working classes who have been most influenced by pictures of the Free-trade and Zollverein loaf on the hoardings; also by patched-up scenes from the history of the bread riots. Against such misuse of analogy simple statement is of more value than argument; and Mr. Chamberlain's bold announcement that his proposals will not increase the price of living and that the dear loaf is a bugbear is likely to have more effect than the most logical proof that the country is living on its capital. For this reason we shall expect the greater part of the public to scan the introduction and take the figures in the book on trust. The Cobden Club has issued too a pamphlet outwardly dressed up exactly like Mr. Balfour's. It is called "A Reply: by Harold Cox". Mr. Cox is a clever man and, happily perhaps for himself and his club, not overburdened with the gift of humour which kills energy. But has he not a little overshot the mark this time? Somehow he reminds one in this latest effort of the mock Sandows with the bladder weights so popular in the variety entertainments a few years ago.

It may be said of the mass meeting in S. James's Hall on Tuesday that it was not so excited or sentimental as mass meetings usually are. But its temper was indicated in the hootings which followed Mr. Campbell's expression of belief in the South African war and its composition by the politics and prejudices of the chief speakers. It is a pity that a man of the political reputation of Mr. Bryce should lend his countenance to such displays of feeling; nor does it seem to us that the animus against the Turk is wholly consistent with the fervour of the Christian protestations and too frequent biblical quotations. Happily the resolutions were the least hysterical part of the meeting. The principal resolution was identical in substance with the proposals of the Macedonian committees and urged the necessity of European control in Macedonia, as the only method of saving the country from Turkish misgovernment and the outrages that accompany it.

The meeting was annoyed at a suggestion of "balance of criminality", without helping at all to a sifting of evidence, but were it both wise and just to take the territory from the Turk there is no reason to think that the agitators for the "Big Bulgaria" will cease to agitate. It is not only the extinction of the Turk, it is the ambition of these little bolstered nationalities that accounts for many of the difficulties of the Eastern question. Where the meeting most showed its ignorance of the difficulties of political action was in its criticism of Mr. Balfour's letter to the Archbishop. It is taken as Mr. Balfour's final conviction, as if a Minister engaged in a delicate negotiation with the majority of the most powerful

European nations would proclaim his personal views and disclose the secrets of half the Cabinets of Europe. The Turks have committed outrages on the Christians, the Christians have committed outrages on the Turks, and from the latest reports Armenians have committed outrages on both. But it is not by agitating for a European war that the sum of calamity is to be reduced at present and prevented for the future.

The speeches of the Emperor of Austria and the Tsar were couched too faithfully in the idiom of royal exchanges, to convey much information. Count Lamsdorff and Count Goluschowsky who will be conferring while the two Emperors are engaged in their four days' hunting will be more explicit with each other; but the line of action is sufficiently indicated. In pursuance of objects which he calls humanitarian—and there is no reason to think he is less genuine than Mr. Bryce with his "missionary" views—the Tsar has determined to carry out with the help of Austria the original reform scheme which the Turks by delay and the insurgents by outright resistance have left in abeyance. The scheme is not great or ideal, but it introduces several essential reforms which could not but be of advantage in protecting Christians and in insisting that money raised in Macedonia should be spent on Macedonia. But the manner of pressing on the reform is of the chief importance and has therefore left undiscovered all the sentimentalists who spoke at the mass meeting. The gravamen of our charge against Russia and Austria is the failure to carry out their proposals; and we have as yet no indication that Count Goluschowsky and Count Lamsdorff have come to any conclusion which shall prevent a repetition of the fiasco. But in estimating the balance of merit it is too often forgotten that Bulgaria owes her independence to Russia and Bosnia to Austria.

Everything about Macedonian affairs is doubtful except that the insurrection is spreading and neither side is showing any mercy to the other. It is impossible to doubt the reports as to the burning of villages of massacres and of outrages; but if the Turkish minimisings of these horrors are not to be trusted neither are the Bulgarian accounts to be taken literally, nor is it to be supposed that the Turkish troops alone are guilty. The British Ambassador at Constantinople has again made representations to the Porte as to excesses in the vilayets of Rumelia, but he is told they are greatly exaggerated, and that so far as they are well founded a military tribunal will be appointed to punish officers and soldiers. This line is taken generally in a despatch sent to Paris for communication to the press. All that can be said is that Turks and Bulgarians add atrocious lies to all their other atrocities. As far as can be gathered there seems less likelihood than ever of war being avoided between Bulgaria and Turkey. Omer Pasha has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in European Turkey, and this is ominous. Turkey has adopted the theory which was held by some in England about the Boers, that she cannot be making war against subjects in rebellion. Russia is said in spite of her professed restraints over Bulgaria to have furnished the latter with much warlike stores which have been landed by Russian gunboats; and a "Standard" correspondent relates an incident of Bulgarians crossing the Turkish frontiers and burning villages and then retreating and calmly watching the result of their exploits; the Turkish soldiers not daring to move for fear of committing an act of war. In such circumstances the tenure of peace is precarious.

The resignation of Count Hedervary, the Hungarian Premier, a few days after his reappointment greatly adds to the danger of the Dual Monarchy. If Dr. Körber, the Austrian Premier, had been as tactful as the Emperor all parties but the most extreme Hungarian Chauvinists might have been induced to consider the question without passion. But Dr. Körber in his plea for the unity of the Kingdoms, with which all sensible men will agree, indulged in words of menace which are more apt to be due to fear of failure than pressure of conviction. It was inevitable in the circumstances that M. Barabas the leader of the Hungarian extremists, should answer menace with menace. Nor

was it wise for Count Hedervary to challenge a Parliamentary defeat by championing Dr. Körber. The result has been to make this question whether army orders in Hungary are to be delivered in Hungarian or German almost impossible of solution unless Austria surrenders wholly; and in an Empire composed of many nationalities surrender on such an issue is a dangerous precedent.

It is a happy inspiration that has led Lord Curzon to substitute a visit to the Persian Gulf for a portion of the usual winter tour in India itself. The project is as great and useful a departure from the apathetic routine of his predecessors in office as Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa. Indeed the appearance of the Indian Viceroy in the Gulf in full State accompanied by a British fleet is something more than a visit: it is a demonstration. The significance of the affair is not likely to be lost to anyone, least of all to the chiefs and rulers along the coasts which Britain has pacified and policed and in whose waters her flag has enjoyed undisputed supremacy for a century past. This assertion of her rights and the display of power and resolution to maintain them, which Lord Curzon's progress will indicate, come very opportunely. The subtle and tortuous policy of Russia has more or less undermined British influence in the Persian Court as well as the Persian markets. But the sea power at least must still rest with her—not for her own sake only but in the interest of all the world. For it is not British rights alone that are concerned. The equal freedom of commerce to all nations and the preservation of peace and order in the Gulf have been and are the task of England alone. To that position the Viceroy's presence will show that she means to adhere.

No one in the diplomatic service had, as the phrase went, a greater future than Sir Michael Herbert. He was the youngest of the ambassadors when he went out to succeed Lord Pauncefoot as our Ambassador in Washington; and in a few months by a bearing, which comes perhaps only from an inheritance of statesmanship, and a sincerity, which also has been marked in his family, he had impressed the American opinion in much the same way as Lord Pauncefoot his successor. The hopes of his "great future" were very suddenly annihilated. Hard work had increased a natural weakness of the lungs and when he left America for Davos it was too late and at the end he died very suddenly. He had a share of that manly gentility which hangs about the fame of the Sidneys, his ancestors, and is handed on in Ben Jonson's beautiful epitaph. He too was "good and learn'd".

The latest of the new Liberal candidates preparing to sit in the place of Conservative members is Lord Dalmeny. On being selected by the Liberal Association he made a boyish speech in which he covered rather more than the whole ground of politics and, in answer to questions promised with a whole-heartedness only to be found in the very ingenuous or very astute everything he was asked to promise. Once he stepped into epigram. He was "a Gladstone not a Chamberlain free trader", he said. One may detect in the passage inherited or instructed wit. The Liberal party is greatly in need of young recruits who are not afraid of their conviction; and if Lord Dalmeny shows that fearlessness of attack which has been conspicuous in his attitude at Lord's he will begin his political career according to the best precedents. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Balfour both so began.

The best thing that can be said of the Revenue Returns for the six months which ended on September 30, is that they are not so bad as might be in view of the state of business generally. It would be a mistake to regard the simple statement that the revenue fell off to the extent of £611,000 in the first quarter and £495,000 in the second—making a total of £1,106,000 for the six months—as necessarily evidence of contracting income. The falling off is partly explained by the remission of taxation. The full effect of the reduction in the income tax will not be felt for some time to come. On the six months the decline in the receipts from property and income tax amounts to about three-quarters of a million. Customs improved by £768,000.

in the first quarter but declined £220,000 in the second, shrinkage being due to the abandonment of the Corn Tax. The drop in excise of £367,000 and in stamps of £200,000 reflects the dulness of business throughout the country. No very definite conclusion can be arrived at however on the half-year's figures. The next six months, it is anticipated, will tell a much more gloomy story. If the items on which taxes were remitted result in the loss to the revenue for which the Chancellor of the Exchequer provided, and other items do not expand, there must be a serious deficit by the end of the financial year. But there is time for improvement, though the signs do not warrant much hope.

One of the multitude of popular subjects discussed by the British Association was the art of managing traffic. It would have been more worth the while of a scientific association to contribute to the science of the making of roads. The scope for the application of science in this direction is abundantly shown in the very sensible report just issued by a departmental committee of the Local Government Board. The administration of the highways of England has been long a standing example of the evils of decentralisation. A drive across country in any county will reveal to any roadmaker a waste of money and a neglect of the science of roadmaking only possible to district councillors, too foolish or too jealous to share a steam roller with their neighbours or to buy material wholesale or to use it generously. If the proposal of the committee to give "county roads" into the management of a county body and "national routes" to a central board were adopted our great roads would have at least a chance of becoming as smooth and solid as the splendid military roads in France. Dust and dirt are no more necessary than cart-ruts, though district councillors in the Midlands still congratulate themselves that their stony and rutty crossways are so vast an improvement on the old Saxon "droves".

The Lyceum Theatre is to be brought up to date. We should have preferred to see it turned into a technical school with a thoroughly practical and sound educational system, the system, that is, by which we can learn the grand lesson of how to get hold and keep hold of more—but it was not to be. The Lyceum is to be converted into a music-hall instead. Sir Henry Irving wrote a letter, which was read at the meeting of the shareholders on Wednesday, in which he expressed his dislike of the change, but the proposal was carried by a large majority. An outlay by the company of from thirty to thirty-five thousand pounds will be necessary to carry out the scheme. Mr. Bram Stoker warmly praised the manner in which Sir Henry Irving has behaved towards the company from first to last. It certainly does not seem to have been wanting in generosity.

It is pleasant to record that a better tone now prevails on the Stock Exchange although early in the week the outlook was the reverse of cheerful. The settlement was concluded without difficulty and it is hoped that the worst has now been seen. The fall in the price of Consols is dealt with in another part of the REVIEW, and it need only here be stated that at one time the quotation fell to 86½ and has since recovered to 88½, the advance being assisted by the retention of the Bank rate at 4 per cent. The rise in this stock has naturally given the lead to other markets and gilt-edged securities have benefited more particularly. The fact that American Railroad stocks show substantial improvements has also had a good effect, but in well-informed quarters it is considered that the financial situation on the other side still leaves much to be desired, and should this view of the position prove to be a correct one it is doubtful whether prices can be maintained at their present level. Home Rails were quietly firm but business in this section does not show signs of improvement and the recent traffic returns are not of a particularly encouraging nature. Dealings in Kaffirs continue restricted; prices, however, hardened sympathetically with the general improvement, and on favourable rumours regarding the constitution of the Cabinet. Consols 88½. Bank rate 4 per cent (3 September).

MR. BALFOUR'S FIRM STAND.

MR. BALFOUR'S Sheffield speech may not be quite to the taste of those who have been over-indulging for a fortnight past in political sensation. It was expected till at any rate Thursday morning, and not unnaturally, that Mr. Balfour would take the opportunity at Sheffield to speak on the political situation generally, to refer to the colleagues with whom he has parted, and even that he would be in a position to make some announcement as to the reconstruction of the Cabinet. The public has been kept—up to a point—very much in touch with the movements of Lord Cromer and Lord Milner during the week; and though it has, one feels sure, had its misgivings now and then lest its informants have had their ears, in Palmerston's phrase, to the wrong keyhole, the tension has been real. Perhaps there was only one plum in the speech, and that was held back for the peroration. The what-I-have-said-I-have-said way, which Mr. Chamberlain is far from singular among statesmen in cultivating, happens to be not at all Mr. Balfour's way. And hence there is undoubtedly rare interest, even a thrill, about his point-blank declaration that so long as he is leader he intends to lead. It is a boast that must have started to his lips more than once of late, for he cannot have been unconscious that very many friends as well as foes were speaking, and—much more galling—thinking of him as 'the nominal Prime Minister, le roi fainéant. He withheld it, with strength, till exactly the right moment. This is a declaration that Englishmen of every class and mind revel in when a leader makes it: his future hold on them is tolerably assured—whilst he acts up to it.

In sensation, then, beyond this, Mr. Balfour fell very short of expectation. He had no notion of putting Childe Roland's horn to his lips and dissipating with one triumphant blast the superstition of the Cobdenites and the nightmare of reformers. But his speech seems to us to belong to a high order of merit. From first to last it has the ring outright of statecraft. Here, clearly, is an intellect which, after long thought, and the painful doubts which only the empty pated and cocksure never feel, has groped its way to what it absolutely believes to be the truth. In men of action, the cause of fiscal reform, as the necessary means to the great end, the welding together of the Empire, was sure not to be wanting. But would it attract as surely the sheer intellect of the country? It is undeniable that in the past the intellect has shown itself to be chiefly in the other side of the scale. Now it is equally certain that intellect is no longer chiefly restricted to the *laissez-faire* school. Mr. Balfour is only one among many who are steadily coming round: but he is Prime Minister: it makes an enormous difference. It is no use any longer to discount the value of Mr. Balfour's conversion or conviction, whichever it be called, on the ground that he is a mere tool in "his more powerful colleague's" hand. Of course he has been pushed on by Mr. Chamberlain's volcanic energy. It is true that he might not, probably would not, by now have arrived at all on the new ground had it not been for the latter. But this is not to say that, once started, he has not arrived quite independently of Mr. Chamberlain or any other. To have gone into this fight with a leader with none of the true passion of conviction in him would have disheartened a great number of imperialist and fiscal reformers. We should say that the most advanced section of Mr. Chamberlain's adherents will be much better content with Mr. Balfour as an absolutely outspoken and convinced believer in retaliation—or "palliation", as Mr. Balfour calls it, as a remedy for the evil we suffer under—than they would have been with him as a half-hearted supporter of the whole programme to start with. Neither the manner nor the matter of the Prime Minister gives the least encouragement to the notion, lately prevalent, that here is a comparatively weak-willed man giving way in a spirit of flaccid fatalism to a dominating one, in order to hold on to the semblance of power. Mr. Balfour's speech, following his pamphlet, and in a graver, weightier way driving home its points, will give, we are convinced, general relief.

The occasion was not one for the use of the trumpet,

though no doubt the party requires some strong voice to knit it together and would have been glad of a fighting speech. But the need of the Empire is not coincident with the need of party. Though it might do the party good to go fast, it is necessary to the Empire to go slow; and if Mr. Balfour's voice sounded somewhat huskily at Sheffield we believe that it will carry a clear note to a wider circumference. The colonies have for many years been following the protection movement—Lord Rosebery's federation scheme, though he did not see it, would have made commercial union compulsory—and the stress of the suspended expectation would have prepared in the Colonies the menace of a critical reaction if we had gone on flirting with the subject; attention without intention is the most dangerous attitude in politics. The reality of this danger has not penetrated the parochial prejudices of this country, and for this reason the prime value of Mr. Balfour's quiet and deliberate expression of conviction has been overlooked. For the first time a Prime Minister has pronounced definitely that the pre-eminent duty of a patriotic party is to arrange its fiscal policy not solely for the purpose of the revenue of the British Isles, but if need be for the purpose of protecting her colonies, as well as for enlarging the area of free trade. Our utter helplessness under present conditions was shown when Canada was threatened by penalisation for her efforts towards closer imperial union. Because Mr. Balfour has stood firm on the conviction that his party, so long as he is its leader, will not in the future suffer such helplessness and will not consider taxation as a department of policy apart from imperial statesmanship, we believe this Sheffield speech, though it contains little more than his pamphlet and nothing that smaller men have not said before, will be accepted in the Empire as a fine earnest of the patriotic and businesslike intentions of this part of it. As a nation we are still rich and prosperous; but that is no reason why, through admiration of "our own pedantry and our own conceit", we should neglect to recognise the dynamics of change and should refuse to prepare against the appropriation of our prosperity due to superior energy and freedom from pedantry in other countries. The public has been disappointed of a sensation partly because it cannot recognise that principles are the medium for sensational incidents. But Mr. Balfour's pronouncement goes further than its interpretation. In his capacity as philosopher Mr. Balfour knows that a State cannot advance per saltum. Reform is not carried through as Exeter Hall visionaries think. Near Eastern reforms and autonomies should be, by the stroke of a pen or in the peroration of a speech. The advance of Reform is a good instance of the advance by stages. The thorough policy has always had eloquent supporters of the Sir F. Burdett type, but we have progressed, in accordance with the wisdom of a greater statesmanship, by advances long delayed; one in 1832, another in 1867, another in 1885. Nor is this fiscal revolution, which Mr. Chamberlain planned and which Mr. Balfour is guiding, less large or less in need of consolidated progress than the movement which has come by the unqualified name of Reform.

It would have been unlike Mr. Balfour if he had not used his opportunity to substitute philosophy for polemics. Thanks perhaps to much talk about wars and revolvers and this type of metaphor, we have persuaded ourselves and the Continent that gunpowder is involved in tariff reform. Yet how often have the Liberal party twitted the Government with having left England no friend in Europe, and we have never yet heard it mentioned that Continental nations get on more peaceably with us than among themselves, though these revolvers are used every day and these wars prosecuted. If one must return to the popular class of metaphor it is said in schools that boxing-gloves, which Mr. Balfour wishes to put on, are the secret of good temper and work to the prevention of fights. There is no idea of a general tariff war with the world. In Mr. Balfour's words, which are an admirable example of the reserve and precision of his style, "Foreign countries are not animated by a desire to destroy our trade but they desire to improve their trade at our expense". Why should we go to the expense of assisting them?

S. JAMES' HALL POLICY.

THE meeting convened at S. James' Hall by the Balkan Committee was red hot in sentiment and feeling and cried out for something to be done quickly. But what was the remedy proposed? The most cumbersome and most slowly moving of all political machinery: the European Concert. If a European congress, possessed of the honest enthusiasm and simple-mindedness which marked the meeting, and has been displayed in the letters of the four bishops, could be got together, all that is desired by everybody whether pro-Turk or pro-Macedonian would no doubt be quickly accomplished. That this state of mind, in the position of Russia, Austria and Bulgaria towards each other, is an utterly absurd supposition is deliberately kept out of sight by the advocates of a congress. Mr. Balfour's letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury which stated powerfully all the complexities of the situation, was received with impatient hisses because it pointed out that the delegation to Russia and Austria of the power to press reforms on the Porte was the most practicable policy open to Europe at present. It is easy to preach the autonomy of Macedonia at a S. James' Hall meeting but nothing is further from the intentions of Russia and Austria than to allow S. James' Hall to dictate such a settlement. The circumstances in which the Berlin Congress was held were entirely different from what they are now. At the close of a great war in which Russia was victorious all Europe was interested in the re-partition of Eastern Europe which had then to be expected. A congress then settled terms of peace; a congress now would mean the raising of questions that lead to war. An attempt to create an autonomous Macedonia would be resisted by Austria and Russia for the simple reason that this is not their policy but quite otherwise. If a congress met it would break up with any proposal contemplated by S. James' Hall; its sanguineness to the contrary notwithstanding. Other less impetuous people see the only alternative to be a mad effort on the part of England to act alone; and the mere suggestion is a flagrant absurdity. We might in some circumstances of our national history have been capable of answering that wild summons to arms made by the S. James' Hall people; but at present we are not in such a sanguine and optimistic mood about our own capacity as would be implied by our entering upon a new crusade such as this. If we are called upon to do so in the name of love for our Christian brethren in Macedonia, we must say that public opinion on the whole is not so enamoured of that appeal as it used to be in the time when we had more than that half hour of Gladstone for which the Bishop of Hereford passionately prayed.

We believe that the great majority of the people at S. James' Hall understood very little of the political aspects of the Macedonian question. To them the assembling at S. James' or Exeter or any other hall assumes the character of a great missionary meeting, and their ears resound with the text of Scripture "Come over to Macedonia and help us" as if it had been placed in the mouths of the Macedonian committees. Other people know now that the motive which once appealed so strongly to nonconformists especially is not so purely a matter of helping oppressed Christians as it seemed then. The relations of these Christians to each other are better known; and it is understood that their hatred of a Turkish Governor would be promptly transferred to any Christian who took his place. The S. James' Hall meeting, however, facetiously adopted this as an infallible prescription for the disease. And yet they might have remembered that the adherents of the Greek Patriarch have been the allies of the Turk in the contest against the followers of the Bulgarian Exarch. But even if that difficulty did not exist how could there be a settlement upon such a basis? It is not the intention of the Powers most closely concerned that there should be either a greater Bulgaria formed by the addition of Macedonia or an autonomous Macedonia with a Christian Governor. Canon MacColl, who reproaches Russia and Austria for having permitted the Sultan to appoint the Governor under their scheme of reform, has an opinion about the future disposal of Turkey

which is altogether incompatible with the views of the S. James' Hall meeting, but which has more probability than the belief in an autonomous Macedonia. According to this view, Germany, Austria and Russia having agreed to partition Turkey in Europe, Austria would have the protectorate of Servia and half of Macedonia; Russia would have the other half of Macedonia with the protectorate of Bulgaria—and so on. It is not necessary to say more about that. Both the S. James' Hall people, and Canon MacColl, who was not at the meeting but represents the Christian Social Union, have a touching belief however that if England were to act the other Powers would follow and the Sultan would give in. Apparently they think England can have her own way whether her object be to set up an autonomous Macedonia, or even to compel the Sultan to pass through that gate of Constantinople which is the predicted passage for his departure from Europe. Most wonderful it is that the very people who sympathised with the Boers, and prophesied the exhaustion of our resources in their conquest, should have the inconsistency to proclaim at this moment either of such adventures to be their policy in the Balkans. Not to fight for our own people, but to long to fight for a mixed lot of doubtful Christians in Macedonia; to hold that we were not competent to carry on a successful war with Boers, but that we could maintain a policy in the face of Europe by force of arms, is a remarkable instance of abnormal psychology. It is an absurd futility to attempt at present to force the hands of Austria and Russia by a policy of autonomy which does not suit either of them.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in the "Monthly Review" relates the events of 1878, and infers therefrom that "the only practical remedy is the re-assembling of a conference similar to that held at Berlin". But it simply is not possible at the present juncture of politics to create an autonomous province out of Macedonia as was done with Eastern Roumelia at the time of the Berlin Congress. Less now than ever. During all the fifteen years since the Berlin Convention many things ought to have been done which have never yet been found possible because they have not had "the honest adhesion and guarantee of the Great Powers". This is precisely what would be absolutely wanting now in a European congress; and yet it is only on the supposition of this state of feeling that Sir Henry Drummond Wolff has any hope of success. On a dispassionate survey nothing seems better at present than to leave the question in the hands of Russia and Austria, where it has already been placed by the Powers. It may be possible to influence their action in some degree by a public opinion which keeps in strict relation with the facts. This the S. James' Hall meeting did not do; and to this extent its influence must be nil or injurious. When the time comes for an attempt to dispose finally of the Turkish power in Europe we shall have to decide whether we need try to prevent that consummation. Sir Edward Malet and others hold that we need be under no apprehension now of the ambitions of Russia and Austria, since we occupy Egypt. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff represents the older view; that of 1878. In the meantime no changes in Macedonia have the ghost of a chance if they treat these ambitions as though they did not exist or attempt to force prematurely the destiny of Turkey. Both these mistakes the S. James' Hall enthusiasts commit, and it is the greatest mistake of all to speak of England as if she might be the sole arbiter of the position.

THE SCARE IN CONSOLS.

THE fall in Consols has produced even on the Stock Exchange, where the causes should be better understood, something like consternation. The price, which declined to 86½ at the beginning of the week, has not been approached since 1866, a year of extreme commercial depression when the quotation fell as low as 84½. Perhaps half the alarm is due to a vicious comparison with that year, but it must be remembered that

in 1866 the funds bore interest at 3 per cent. The yield at 84½ amounted therefore to close upon £3 11s. per cent.; to-day the stock carries only 2½ per cent. interest and produces a return of little more than £2 17s. per cent. at the lowest point so far recorded this year, which is some two shillings less than the yield a year ago when the interest was 2½ per cent. and the price 93½. In view of these facts it needs no specialist to see that comparison with past years and other conditions must be fallacious; certainly the pessimistic utterances in connexion with the decline have small justification; and it is a pity that so much ignorant comment should be published, as it tends to cause a feeling of uneasiness on the part of the genuine investor which the circumstances of the case do not warrant. Apart from the natural effect produced by a reduction of interest, there are a number of subsidiary reasons for the depreciation. Within the last year or two so many first-class securities have we know been created that the country, already burdened with heavy taxes, has not yet been able to absorb them. These new issues, bearing higher rates of interest, have proved keen competitors of Consols, and when it is considered, to take only one of many instances, that the Transvaal Three per Cent. loan yields interest at the rate of over £3 1s. per cent. at the present quotation it is not surprising that it should often be chosen for investment in preference to Consols, to their natural detriment. Further, during the course of the war and particularly just before its conclusion, a large account in Consols was built up by speculative operators both English and foreign whose hopes of handsome profits were never realised; and it is without question that their commitments have been a severe strain on the market, although it is probable that their purchases by giving support to the market only resulted in delaying the inevitable. Unfortunately many of these accounts are still open. The effect is a little difficult to estimate but Consols must have suffered a good deal, together with other securities, from the introduction of the Colonial Stock Act of 1900 which empowered trustees to invest in certain Colonial Stocks registered in the United Kingdom, which produce a higher yield than the original trustee securities and provide a wider scope for investors.

Together with Consols the gilt-edged-security market generally has been depressed by the speculation which took place in the new loans issued after the cessation of hostilities in South Africa. Subscribers were loaded with stock which they were not successful in disposing of and on which they were consequently obliged to borrow money. We believe that lately a number of such loans have been withdrawn with the result that large parcels of stock were placed on the market. The lessening of the Sinking Fund must also be taken into consideration as before the reduction the purchases of Consols by the Government were largely responsible for a considerable appreciation in the price. Nor can it be doubted that the recent extensive colonial and corporation borrowings had a seriously adverse effect on a market already depressed.

With regard to the future of Consols, it is to be hoped that before long the speculative account will be greatly reduced and that the stock will find its way into strong hands. We do not think that the price will be materially affected by the impending loans in connexion with the Irish Land Purchase scheme and the requirements of the Transvaal, as in the former case it is understood that the amount will be spread over a number of years, and the latter issue is practically guaranteed. At the time of writing a recovery has already taken place in the price, an improvement due partly to repurchases by "bears"; and there is also a decided disposition on the part of the public to invest at the present low level. At the same time, in view of the speculative account still open, and in consideration of the present state of the money market which resulted in interest at the rate of nearly 5 per cent. being charged for carrying over at the last settlement, it is doubtful whether the price can be maintained. Should, however, a further fall be recorded there would still, in our opinion, be no occasion for alarm: in fact a decidedly

favourable opportunity would then be offered for investors in the first security of the world at an exceedingly low price.

THE PERSECUTION OF REFORMERS IN CHINA.

THE case of the Chinese who are under arrest, at Shanghai, on the charge of sedition has attracted peculiar attention because the Imperial authorities prejudiced their case by beating to death, at Peking, another member of the Reform party while the question of surrender was still undecided. It is, however, only a fresh instance of attempts which have been frequently made and as frequently defeated, to get hold of Chinese subjects who have sought shelter in the foreign settlement from the fate which the Empress designs for all who hold progressive ideas. Yet it is the first time that the question has been raised with so much insistence, and it is interesting to note the complexity of the issues involved. For the accused are not only Chinese subjects but, technically speaking, on Chinese soil. When it was recognised that differences of law and custom rendered it necessary that foreign residents in China should be subject to their own laws, administered by their own Consular authorities, it was agreed for similar reasons and for greater convenience in every respect, that certain plots of ground should be marked off for foreign residence. Chinese ideas of lighting, drainage, and police, moreover, are nearly where ours were two centuries ago; and foreign residents soon found that the only way of making existence tolerable was to organise municipal government of their own. The native population which has flocked in to enjoy these and other advantages did not cease of course to be under the control of its own laws and judicial authorities; but, to prevent undue interference, and for other motives of policy, a Mixed Court was devised for the trial of cases in which Chinese living within the settlement are concerned. There were originally marked off, at Shanghai, three separate areas known as the French, British and American settlements. The French keep apart; but the British and Americans have long since agreed to amalgamate into one municipality, whose affairs are administered by a Council annually elected by all foreigners residing within the settlement area who possess a certain qualification. The preponderance of British interests on this council is ensured by the great preponderance of British voters in the community; but its relations with the Chinese authority are liable to be embarrassed by the action of the Consular body, through whom—or precisely through the senior Consul or doyen—any necessary correspondence between the Municipal Council and the Chinese local authority is carried on.

It may be convenient, now, to recall the political conditions under which the arrests were made. These are, briefly, a logical consequence of the coup d'état of 1898, of the abortive attempt to exterminate foreigners in 1900, and of acquiescence in the restoration of the Empress to power. But the sympathies of political parties are divided, now, upon foreign as well as domestic affairs. The Reformers look to Japan as the most hopeful source of enlightenment and help; while the Manchus look to Russia, whose ambitions they are even accused of facilitating as a price of dynastic support—accused by Peking gossip, even, of avowing a hope that Japan will be beaten if she goes to war with Russia, as a vicarious revanche for her success in '95. To parties so mutually antagonistic every action of the other naturally appears abominable. Incapable, seemingly, of any other conception than resistance to forces that are surging against them, the Empress and her clique are preoccupied with the persecution of everyone whom they suspect of being tainted with reform; while the Reformers are unsparing in the denunciation of Peking corruption, nepotism, and subserviency to Russia. The men who are awaiting trial in Shanghai were arrested at the instance of the local authorities, under instructions from Peking, for a measure of outspokenness on these points which an Oriental Government could hardly be expected to endure;

and if the Court party could have got hold of them they would have had short shrift. But the Municipal Council, true to its traditions, insisted that they should be tried within the settlement, before the Mixed Court; and in this attitude they were supported at first by a prevailing majority, at least, of the Consular body. Defeated at Shanghai, the Imperial Government addressed a demand for surrender to the ministers at Peking and met at first with a measure of acquiescence, though they were eventually thwarted by Lord Lansdowne's refusal. With the precedents before us of the leading Reformers who were executed without form of trial in 1898, of the similar executions which preceded the flight of the Court in 1900, and of Shen Chien who was beaten to death, at Peking, three months ago, it was adjudged impossible to surrender to the amenities of the Court men whose true text was, after all, that it is hurrying the country to ruin. The main question has now been practically decided; several ministers who had first expressed willingness to hand over the prisoners having since rallied to our side. The trial is delayed on account, seemingly, of some lack of harmony among the Consular body; but it will take place, we are assured, if at all, before the Shanghai Mixed Court.

Apart from the importance of the principle involved, the incident may serve to explain the regret with which well-wishers of China viewed the return to power of the Empress and her entourage, after the siege of the Legations, three years ago. There are still to be found, curiously enough, some who profess credulity in the Empress' personal enlightenment. To the majority, however, it has seemed that a faction which set out by killing, banishing, or degrading every progressive mandarin, by re-establishing sinecures which the Emperor had abolished, and cancelling edicts designed to inaugurate Reform, expressed in sufficiently explicit terms a purpose to which it has consistently adhered. The spirit of enmity to all who express sympathy with the Reform movement, or are suspected of doubting that all is for the best under the best of all possible Governments, is maintained; and one of the consequences has been the tergiversation of men like Chang Chi-tung, who could declare that "China's only hope" lay in Reform when the Emperor was in power, but lacked courage to adhere to the course he had entered on when the tide turned. We see a rumour, even, that the present Taotai of Shanghai—who has given offence, of course, by agreeing that the prisoners should be tried before the Mixed Court—is to be replaced by one Ching Kwan who has gained notoriety by zeal in hunting down Reformers: we see an anti-reformer like Chen Pi appointed to be head of the newly constituted Board of Commerce, and the Board itself entrusted with the incongruous duty of suppressing the vernacular Press! It is well to remember these things when we hear cheap platitudes about "Chinese who have committed on Chinese soil crimes punishable by Chinese law". Chinese law, as the "North China Herald" remarks, is barbarism tempered by venality; and it will be an enduring distinction of the re-settlement at Peking that it admitted back to power a personage and a party who stand out as the protagonists of the system under which these abuses are upheld, and whose corruption and incapacity are impelling the Empire on the road to anarchy and ruin.

A SURVEY OF THE HIGHER SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND: RADLEY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED 1847. WARDEN, DR. FIELD. APPOINTED 1896.

THE average person's impressions of Radley as a school are probably confined to two: he knows that the Radley eight, coached by the indefatigable Mr. Evans, fights each year a plucky race at Henley for the Ladies' Plate, nearly always against Eton; but though often successful in getting through a heat or two even against strong college crews, Radley has, we believe, never won the Ladies and never defeated Eton. And the other idea of the average man about Radley is that

it is a seminary, possibly of sound, but certainly of High Church learning, where confession, if not habitually enforced, is at any rate encouraged. The first thing that a visit to the school reveals is the delight of its situation: on rising ground above the level of the Thames valley (the river being about a mile away), with the ground falling away in pleasant slopes all round, with magnificent trees, with modern but not inartistic buildings grouped round a pleasant old manor house, with glorious vistas away to the Berkshire hills and the Vale of White Horse, the amenities of Radley are undeniable. As one walks up the sloping drive off the Oxford road and notes the carefully chosen situation, the avenue of trees already mounting up, planted by Lord Addington to commemorate the sixty years' reign of the great Queen, and the trim borders and well-grouped flower beds, one feels instinctively that the note of the place is taste: and that was undoubtedly the founder, Sewell's, ideal—carefully cultivated taste, in education, in manners, in—if one may say so—religion. Sewell was a man of strong personality, whose impress is vividly stamped on the college to this day. An Oxford don, imbued with the spirit of the Tractarians, his first essay in school building was S. Columba's in Ireland: indeed S. Columba's, Radley and Glenalmond owe their inception to the same conditions and ideals. Sewell and his *fidus achates*, Singleton, started with S. Columba's first, but they found the Irish environment unadapted to certain ideas on which they laid stress, in particular the observance of Saints' days: and they very soon shook the Irish dust from their feet, and sought a new site in which to realise their ideals nearer Oxford. Briefly these were to create a public school which should embody for boys the Tractarian view of life: there was to be of course the ordinary Public School curriculum, but with the religious basis, with choral services (much more of a novelty in 1847 than now), and distinctive Church teaching; and by no means was to be omitted the influence of Art and beauty, the mediæval veneration for which the Tractarians did so much to revive. Both traditions are strongly stamped on the school, and still mark and influence its career and that of the boys it sends forth. The school has a beautiful chapel arranged with carved oak stalls and seats on the plan of a college chapel, and indeed in comparison with it many college chapels would come out but poorly. Curtains brought from a Portuguese royal palace, a Thibetan carpet in the sanctuary (which on being mended recently the repairers refused to take unless insured for at least £500) an altar-piece of excellent Flemish work, all were Sewell's treasures, bought to carry out his plan. Here the boys meet for daily prayers, and the psalms are still chanted by a full choir of boys just as the founder directed. The present Warden, it is true, has no love for the unnecessarily artistic, which does not contribute its proper quota to the school life, and has, we think rightly, insisted on the congregational aspect of the chapel service and that the choir shall only take one half of each verse, the school the other half. Well-known Churchmen such as Lord Addington, Lord Halifax, and the Warden of Keble figure amongst the governors. But the Warden is most emphatic that the popular impression as to confession is entirely and absolutely untrue,—that confessions are in fact never heard in the school and never have been: he holds that the hearing of confessions by a master is absolutely incompatible with the public-school scheme and the duties of a master as understood in this country. How could a headmaster in the interests of discipline and of the moral of the whole school force himself to ignore the existence of faults communicated under seal of confession? At the same time, if a boy's parents wish it, arrangements could be made for boys to go to confession outside, in Oxford for instance. For art treasures Sewell hunted far and near: the hall of the manor-house is full of fine Elizabethan cabinets and presses, carved oak tables and chests meet one all through the college; the long low dining room, originally three rooms now thrown into one, is panelled with oak which Sewell got together from the ends of England: instead of the wooden trenchers for instance of Winchester we find charming old silver covering the tables of the dining room; even the long narrow big schoolroom, originally

the barn of the manor-house, is oak panelled with the same care.

Have the artistic surroundings which were Sewell's ideal any direct influence on the boys' lives? The question is obvious and Dr. Field's answer is distinctly yes; that restraint, dignity, manners are the result. It is a difficult question for an outsider to form an opinion upon: that the flowers all about the school premises are undisturbed is obvious, that carved oak and priceless hangings have passed unscathed through some troublous earlier periods of school discipline is also obvious. We did notice one small thing, that apart from a formal process of "capping" as the boys file past the Warden to go into evening chapel, they did not when meeting him in any way salute him or recognise his presence as is usually done—a small matter, but manners are evidenced by small matters. Probably severe critics will say that such surroundings must produce a sybaritic softness: well, all one can say is that the performance of the Radley eight hardly indicates that. We have dwelt on these two points at some length for they are distinctive; and with regard to the question of artistic surroundings we strike ideas of which we are likely to hear more in the future. For the rest the school grows and prospers. Its numbers are about two hundred and a new house is just being built: this will communicate under one roof with the rest of the college buildings: there is also a little way off in the grounds a house separate from college: apart from this, all boys sleep in the college and till recently all boys dined in the college hall: as it is boys are only out for the first term or so. In college the vast majority of boys have studies, the lower boys living in the class rooms: the sleeping accommodation consists of large dormitories divided into cubicles, Sewell having been the first to invent the now widely-adopted notion of the large open room divided by partitions some eight or ten feet high into small wooden rooms, a separate one for each boy. The boys are grouped under "tutors", thirty or fifty to each tutor, who is the boy's permanent guide and friend through his school-life, and to whom at all times and especially on Sunday evenings he is encouraged to resort. The fees all told average about £110 to £120 a year: the school has not been without its financial difficulties. Sewell's methods may have been artistic; they certainly were extravagant, and something like a crisis followed a period during which he was actually warden, and but for the timely help of the first Lord Addington disaster must have overtaken the school.

The school is divided into classical and modern from the remove upwards: and the modern side is fairly well supported, but the Warden, though himself a mathematical scholar of his college, is a convinced upholder of the educational value of Greek: that the interest it arouses, the doors it unlocks make all comparisons of Greek with, say, German or chemistry—ridiculous.

It is interesting to find the old order and the new joining hands: the Berkshire County Council has given to the heads of the three public schools in its borders—Bradfield, Radley and Wellington—the selection of one member to serve on the County Education Committee under the Education Act of last year, and Mr. Pollock of Wellington has been nominated.

DON JUAN THE VIRTUOUS.

THE spectacle of man defying God must be regarded as among the themes in literature which have the quality of permanence. All through the ages the story of some greatly daring soul who for his own pleasure or for the good of mankind has ventured to oppose himself to the Powers, has attracted mankind and has evoked that spontaneous thrill which is man's testimony to the inner truth of things. In the ages of Faith, as we call them, when Death and Hell and Judgment had a very real meaning, it is easy to imagine what a powerful hold the presentation of such an idea would have over the minds and consciences of men and with what superstitious and half-delighted terror they would regard the conflict. The story of Don Juan as

presented in monkish legend early in the sixteenth century was woven around this central idea, enriched, no doubt, by many a Spanish legend and tradition. Don Juan himself was no gay facile voluptuary, flitting carelessly through a life of pleasure, but a "terrible figure", a Titan of embodied evil, the very incarnation of sin. His was not the pathetic frailty of human nature struggling against the allurements of the world, as monks understood them, but the deliberate arrogance—Lucifer's sin repeated—which wilfully and of set purpose threw down the challenge to God. It was the spectacle of man vaunting his strength amid awful forms and powers—the enemy of the Divine whom nothing human could touch and who, in the end, required a special agent of God sent from heaven, to prevail against him. Such a conception had in it a touch of the sublime, for evil itself carried to the point of a perverse ecstasy becomes a kind of good by means of that energy which otherwise directed is virtue.

The monkish tale of Don Juan Tenorio was given a dramatic setting in "El Burlador de Sevilla" in 1626, and was seized upon later by various Italian and French adaptors, among them Molière and Mozart who, each adding to the original something of his own humour, have given to the world their interpretations of the terrible conflict.

There is no reason to take for granted (as is done in Mr. Coleridge's introduction to Vol. VI. of Mr. Murray's edition of Byron*) that Byron was necessarily ignorant of these "sources" when he wrote his poem. More probable is it that he disregarded intentionally that tragic figure of sin incarnate "as something to his purpose nothing". "I meant to have made him", he wrote in a letter to Murray before the publication of the third canto of "Don Juan", "a Cavalier Servente in Italy, and a cause for divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werther-faced' man in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of these countries, and to have displayed him gradually gâté and blasé, as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest". Byron in fact desired to do what Mr. Bernard Shaw has attempted in his "Man and Superman", to modernise the idea of Don Juan. But whatever Byron's original intentions were—whether to produce merely a playful satire "to giggle and make giggle" as he himself said—the value of his poem lies in the fact that he went far beyond them. Without entering into a discussion of the literary merits and demerits of the poem about which enough has surely been said, and without considering its faults in style and metre, in phrase and form, "Don Juan" is important to us as Byron's criticism of life. In it the self-conscious poet unconsciously revealed himself. Byron was probably misunderstood by no one more than by himself. He fancied himself a realist. He desired to be the poet of rude crude naked force in men and women. But nature and temperament made him an idealist. He found life a disappointment because he expected too much from it. He exhausted his pleasures too quickly. He longed for a world altogether fairer than that in which he lived, for more pleasure than there is in the world, for more exquisite pain—a more intolerable suspense. Abnormally shy and sensitive, with a passionate craving for sympathy, he tried to hide his melancholy under a thin pretence of cynicism. But he was not a cynic. Beneath his flippancies, his gibes at sentiment and religion may be detected a deeply religious nature yearning for ideal perfection. His extraordinary vanity made him desire morbidly to appear worse than he was. "See what a devil I am!" he seems to cry, "see how I defy God and man". But though he loved to shock, he could not keep it up. It was a false pose. The spirit of proud and revengeful defiance alternated hysterically with humble self-reproach and generous forgiveness. Byron's "Don Juan" is, in fact, essentially modern. It exhibits that deeper subjectivity, that intense and

closer living with itself which is characteristic of what we call the modern spirit. In Byron's hands the character loses its half-demonic splendour. Don Juan is no longer the man of Sin, but a "vagabond libertine" with many charities and virtues, exceedingly human. Mr. Bernard Shaw's idea of a twentieth-century Don Juan is a tiresome prig continually prating about "the life force", and woman's duty of motherhood. In him the sexual instinct has become perverted. He is no longer the dominant animal but the dominated—pursued relentlessly by the tyrant-woman who desires him merely for her own ends. He is a poor creature without the splendid vices and virtues of his nineteenth-century prototype. For Byron indeed, with his passionate love of passion for its own sake, could create living human characters, even if he could not grapple successfully with a type conceived in the Ages of Faith on the grand scale. The enemy of God his Don Juan is not, but ever from first to last in all his wanderings his own worst enemy.

BIRDS BY THE SEVERN.

MUD is, par excellence, the sheldrake's kingdom. In mud—where I have seen it—it most delights. "Frequents the sandy coasts" says authority, as though either mud, in contradistinction to sand, existed not, or that if it did the sheldrake walked picking its steps, avoiding the one and carefully planting them on the other. But if it picks at all, it is mud, "for a ducat", not sand, that it picks. Whilst the estuarine shores of the Severn offer at low tide, a vast expanse of mud—the muddiest mud, the softest, most viscous, most clinging and oleaginous that ever entered into the daydreams of a pachyderm—the stream itself is everywhere broken by golden-brown sandbanks, through the channels formed by which, the waters, tinted like themselves and often hardly to be distinguished from them, sometimes creep and sometimes tear. And where, then, are the sheldrakes? Always on the muddy foreshore but never on these Elysian fields of sand, which lie there more lonely amidst the hurrying waters than any desert tract that, scorched and rainless, has yet a distinctive fauna of its own. Mud, therefore, is the sheldrake's choice where there is a choice to be made. Here she expatiates, here she walks, sits, sleeps, fights, courts, and feeds, day and night, with the curlews. These two, as I have before mentioned, are frequent associates, and it is interesting to note the very different manner in which each, according to its special adaptations, obtains food from a locality so uniform, and one in which, to judge from appearances, the same food must serve for both. In the case of the curlew the long scimitar of a beak is thrust, at irregular intervals quite up to the hilt in the soft ooze, on the edge of which and of the water the bird walks with delicate steps. "The soft ooze" as I say, yet, pierceable in every direction as one might suppose it to be, the action gives the idea of something driven down into a hole, rather than making one each time for itself. Up to almost the end of the thrust, the direction seems to correspond with the curve of the bill, but then at the very last there is a most noticeable forward and slightly upward push of the head. What this finale may indicate I know not, but on the whole it looks as though the beak followed a channel, to the shape of which it was adapted, and with this supposition the bird's general actions correspond. It does not search and thrust in every direction, as for whatever it may happen to find, but with choice and method probes burrow after burrow for something it expects to get at the bottom. In these quests there is both success and failure, and though both are invisible yet neither is altogether hidden. Often, at the very end of the deep delve down, the bird's body may be seen to quiver pleasantly, whilst the tail makes sundry motions as of rejoicing. But at other times the beak is withdrawn quickly, with as it were a dissatisfied gesture.

The sheldrakes go to work as systematically as the curlews, but here it is the general as opposed to the particular, the net against the spear or the angle. Whatever they get seems gleaned from just the surface

* "The Works of Lord Byron." New and revised edition. Poetry. Vol. VI. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. London: Murray. 1903. 7s. 6d.

of the mud, which they regularly patrol, and in doing so they use the end only of the broad spade-like bill. Thus its beautiful roseate colour is not obscured with the mud over which, like some gorgeous tropical butterfly, it seems to flutter, but adds its lustre, in the season of love and courtship, to the general effect of all the bird's bright decoration. Yet still it is a painful thing to see a sheldrake pause, from time to time, in its feeding, and turn to preening its feathers, for, sure, some muddiness must thereby adhere to them. More painful still is it—indeed it almost gives one a shudder—when one or other of the shining cohort sinks right down upon the smooth defilement, spreading at the same time and directing backwards over the corresponding foot, which is similarly stretched out, one of the bright, sunny wings. The lily, indeed, is rooted in the mud, but here is the actual flower itself lying on and getting daubed with it. It all looks so bright and so near, through the glasses. The colours stand out so—so does the mud. It upsets one. It is as though one must make a deprecating gesture with the hands (*es ist mir als ob ich die Hände*) and cry "Stop, stop, for heaven's sake! Soil not that vesture"—but before one can do so it is soiled. One's best consolation is that, after all, the mud itself—all wet and shining, and with a wonderful gloss upon it—looks very nice too, in fact almost clean. And then the broad flood is at hand—it will wash, that vesture.

The sheldrake does not seem to use its bill as a scoop—not nearly so much, at least, as one might expect. Occasionally, in walking, the neck will be stretched a little forward, so that the lower mandible seems lightly for a moment to perform this office; but as a rule the neck is so bent that the head points downwards, more or less straightly, and whatever the birds get seems nibbled—as a rabbit might nibble it—off the surface. What is it that it gets? Just, at that point which I mentioned in a previous article, where the Roman legions either were or were not ferried over into Wales, a narrow, stone causeway extends far out into the channel, and by descending this at low water one can make an examination of the mud that closely clasps it upon either side. Smooth though the surface of this appears to be, it is in reality pitted in every direction with innumerable tiny holes. Nothing, even with the closest scrutiny, is perceptible in the orifice of these, yet on scratching slightly with a stick one finds the whole mass of the shore to be streaked, as one may almost say, with a kind of marine worm, thin but of considerable length. This then must be the sheldrake's habitual food, for whilst it exists in such numbers as to form a not inconsiderable portion of the shore itself, no other form of life is to be seen. One thing alone seems puzzling. Not only can no worms be detected on the surface, but it is not till the stick has sunk a little below it that they are discovered. Yet it is just this surface which seems to be continually nibbled over by the sheldrake's beak. What, then, is the explanation of the matter? What would Sherlock Holmes say to it, could he suspect a sheldrake of murder? As both the glasses and one's own eyes speak very decidedly, and as the evidence of the one seems to contradict that of the other, some compromise must be effected between them. If we suppose that the worms, though invisible, lie with their heads but just below the glazed outer coating of the mud—for the rings themselves have a glazed appearance—and that the beak of destiny sinks to just this distance, here, probably, we have the truth—which will present itself either as almost too trivial to dwell upon, or as a most interesting and creditable discovery, according to whether it has been arrived at by personal investigation or not.

Thus, then, for the sheldrakes: and for the curlews, the appearance of the mud is in harmony with what the glasses have told us as to the manner of their feeding. Besides the very minute rings of which I have spoken, that are barely perceptible, there are others much larger, being rounded depressions such as might be produced by a little poke with the end of a walking-stick. These holes can never be traced down beyond their visible depth, but are lost, almost instantly, in the close and glutinous substance of the mud. Something, however—probably a worm of larger

size—must have made them, as the smaller worms have made theirs, by issuing from the depths beneath, and it is into these larger holes, as I believe, that the curlew's beak is habitually inserted. So sensitive a tactile instrument is it, probably, that it can follow with ease the tunnel which the worm has made, and which even, as I suppose, in so yielding a medium, remains as a line more yielding still. One thing is certain—the bird, before probing, looks about for something to probe, which something, as the smaller holes are everywhere, can only be the larger—for these are not nearly so numerous. Experience, therefore, must have taught it, that the worm lies in some definite relation to the hole—at the bottom of it, that is to say, and so at the end of a tunnel. The curlew then—at least upon these muddy flats—feeds in a different manner from the snipe, which, as I have often had occasion to observe, searches the ground at random, after the manner of starlings.

In the early afternoon, after the first flush of feeding is over, it is customary for the sheldrakes to take a siesta. Some lie high and dry, a good way from the water, others but a little above it, and as the incoming tide laps up to these, it is pleasant to see them rise, and toddle a little further up, then sit down and compose themselves to rest again. One of the pair is generally wetted, or threatened, before the other, and goes off by itself. Soon its companion, under the same urgency, toddles after it and sits down, sometimes just beside it, which looks very pretty, sometimes at a few feet distance. It is with a quick yet sedate little step that they move away—half walk, half run. "Toddle" is as good a word as I can think of for it. When one comes to think of it a wetting can be no inconvenience to a sheldrake, and you might suppose that they would sleep on and let themselves be lifted and rocked by the tide. However, on these occasions, they act as I say. Sometimes war—or a pretence of it—will break out, suddenly, amongst these sleeping-parties. If real it is not very serious, nor have I yet seen two birds come to grips. Proverbially it takes two to make a quarrel, and amongst the sheldrakes any bird that tries to get up a partie of this sort, has as much reason to complain of the one selected as an antagonist, as had Argan of Toinette in the famous scene where he exclaims "*Quoi! il faudra, encore, que je n'ai pas le plaisir de la quereller!*" Never was roysterer less accommodated, less met half way. "All will not do." "Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks." Let him raise the head never so aggressively, and work it, in conjunction with the neck, with a sort of pump-handle motion—point d'affaire. There is neither the retort courteous, nor the quip modest, nor the reproof valiant, nor the countercheck quarrelsome, much less the lie circumstantial or direct. And when he advances with head held low, but raised occasionally, and again depressed, with a swift brisk action which is all a challenge, still nothing in the way of rejoinder is forthcoming. Finally, when, having gradually increased his pace from a walk to a run, he makes at close quarters a sudden dart upon the object of his hostility, the latter, at the psychological moment, and with an exact timing of his movements most creditable to his discretion, withdraws himself swiftly and silently. Sometimes he runs, keeping just in front of his pursuer till the force and fury of the rush have expended themselves, and then rapidly increasing the distance: but often he will spring into the air, and mount right up, with a half sideways flight, curving over when at a little height, and descending buoyantly, yet with a sort of plunge. In all this he is closely mimicked by the other, and the double eccentric fling—almost suggesting two acrobats on the stage—has both a striking and a graceful effect. "Oh calm, dishonourable, vile submission!" Yet were "*A la stoccata*" to be swaggered at in his turn—even by this very same bird, this "tame cheater", this "Barbary hen"—he would act in just the same way. I have seen every sheldrake in a group—or at least every male—alternately assume either part. What a sensible plan of the duello is this! Either combatant has his turn of looking big, of being Gregory with the "swashing blow", and when he does not look big, and is not Gregory, his honour is not prejudiced thereby, seeing

that he acts but in accordance with a certain prescribed form, which leaves him no choice in the matter. Only let every rencontre of this kind be a double one—be followed, that is to say, by a return in which the parts are reversed—and there is full satisfaction upon either side, without the possibility of those disagreeable contretemps, which the greatest care has not yet succeeded in eliminating from the affair of honour as at present indulged in.

EDMUND SELOUS.

"LITTLE MARY."

THE critics have paid Mr. Barrie many handsome compliments on "Little Mary", and the handsomest of all is in the general demur that, however delightful it may be as an entertainment, "Little Mary" can scarcely be regarded as a play. This is but another way of telling Mr. Barrie that he is now perfect master of the medium in which he works; and the message will be not the less gratifying because it is delivered unconsciously. Mr. Barrie has learned how to make his dramatic work the exact expression of his own self—his own "best self", as Mr. Matthew Arnold would have said. His inferior self is a slave to sentimentality, cheap and cloying, such as was already too familiar on the stage before he became a playwright. His "best self" is a reveller in fantastic humour. Such humour is strange upon the stage, and is very rare anywhere else. Therefore, a play that is compact of it must come as a great surprise, and must, seeming so unlike other plays, seem to be hardly a play at all. When Mr. Barrie was praised for "The Little Minister" and rebuked for "The Wedding Guest", there was no hint that these works were not authentic plays. That is because they were simply 'prentice-work. In them Mr. Barrie was learning his craft. He was feeling his way along the line of least resistance, doing what other men had done so as to learn exactly how they did it, and exactly how he, in his good time, would be able to transmit by dramatic form, without friction, his own peculiar little genius. "The Admirable Crichton" was the first sign that he had "found himself"—or, rather, that he had ventured on self-expression. That, too, was hailed as an "entertainment", a "charade", a "caprice", anything but a play. And yet it was, in form and manner, more conventional than "Little Mary". By so much the less was it Barryish. Here, at length, we have the veritable Barrydom. And the reason, I suggest, is not that Mr. Barrie has neglected his art, but that he has mastered it.

Of course, he had always a natural aptitude for play-writing. The dramatist must be born as well as made. Even in his earlier work, however much one may have been jarred by the sentimentality, one had always the comfortable sense that what he meant to express he would express artistically. Student though he was, and, as a student must be, conventional, he was always skilful. His sketches did not need to be touched up by the drawing-master. His "form" one could always praise. Now that this is perfect, so that he can afford to give rein to his own "best self", I think his work is on a higher plane than the work of any other living playwright. He has been compared with Mr. Bernard Shaw. And the comparison is inevitable, inasmuch as he and Mr. Shaw are the only dramatists whose souls are oddities, distinct from the souls of anyone else. Mr. Pinero, Mr. Grundy, Mr. Carton—none meets them by the score in every thoroughfare of London or of any provincial town. They are, very strictly, "men in the street". They mean nothing, amount to nothing, apart from their artistic skill. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is, except Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barrie, the only one of our dramatists who has definite ideas and a definite temperament. But he is not, in the true sense, an oddity. He differs from the average man in that he thinks and feels forcefully the things which the average man takes muzzily for granted. He is a personal force; we have to reckon with him, to admire him, but as an oddity, no! For that sort of thing, we must go to Mr. Barrie and Mr. Shaw. But there the parallel between the two men ceases. There

are two ways of expressing a peculiar self through an art-form. One way is Mr. Barrie's. The other way is to have no innate sense for the art-form which you select and to disdain any effort at mastery of it. That is Mr. Shaw's way. If Mr. Shaw tried to be artistic, he would assuredly flounder, and go under, and be lost to view. Luckily, he does not try. But, supposing that Mr. Barrie's self is as remarkable and delightful, in its way, as Mr. Shaw's, one is bound to place Mr. Barrie on the higher pedestal. Personally, I delight more in Mr. Shaw's self. I prefer the intellectual fantastic to the sentimental fantastic. Mr. Barrie could do with a little more logic. He gives out ideas; and his method of giving them out—that is, by illustrating them in action, as opposed to Mr. Shaw's strictly explanatory method—is without doubt the right way. Only, he does not always compass the proper illustrations. He wanders often from the point, and far from it. And though his wanderings lead always to delicious adventures, and might even be defended on the ground that if he were not a wanderer he would not be so distinctly himself, yet one cannot help feeling that one is being done out of what ought to be an intellectual treat. The idea is there, right enough, but not the power to drive it home.

The idea in "Little Mary" is not a new one, but it is a very true one, and one that is not generally accepted. That the members of the English upper class eat a great deal is a fact which nobody would deny. But Mr. Barrie's point is that they eat a great deal too much. And I believe him to be absolutely right. Why so much is eaten, whence came the habit of such generous daily diet, is not easy to determine. It may be partly due to the subtle influence of the upper classes. One must remember that since it has been considered bad form to drink too much, many people have indulged in the compensating excesses of teetotalism. Whether or not this be the reason why the persons in "society", or within measurable distance of it, eat so much, it is quite certain that the example set by these persons has been followed generally by the class beneath them. Mr. Barrie has not drawn his indictment widely enough. The middle class is quite as gluttonous as the upper. In England the only people who do not over-eat are the people who cannot afford to pay for too much food. And be sure that they, if they could, under the present conditions, over-eat, would be as quickly and furiously responsive as now they are to the cry of "the big loaf and the little loaf". (Why do not the Cobdenites cry also "the big pâté de foie gras and the little pâté de foie gras", and so bring the whole of the wealthy class solidly to their side?) Whether, from the standpoint of national welfare, one should deplore the amount of food consumed by our upper and middle classes, is too complex a question to be settled off-hand. There is no doubt that their habit makes them stupid, or, rather, tends to increase their stupidity. But England always has been a stupid nation, and for some centuries it has been a great nation. National stupidity does not preclude national greatness. Indeed, in favourable circumstances, the one thing tends to foster the other. If a dull, unimaginative race can produce, or attract to itself, a few wise and quick-witted leaders, it is likelier to thrive than a clever, imaginative race, however well led. For it follows its leaders, follows them solidly and obediently. England is stupid, but she has two clever neighbours, the Scotch and the Irish; and these have never failed to ply her with leaders in supplement of her own little stock. And I am inclined to think that less food (and consequently quicker wits) for her inhabitants would be as surely the cause as it would be also the effect of national decline. Nevertheless, I can quite sympathise with the irritation which English gluttony and stupidity must arouse in the quick-witted and abstemious Irishman or Scotchman. And I wish that Mr. Barrie had expressed his idea sharper. Even when it might be dangerous to eradicate a fault, it is wholesome that the fault be clearly realised by the delinquent. Mr. Barrie seems to me a little lacking in courage. Not only has he left the middle class out of his indictment, but he has put his indictment into the mouth of an Irish character. I think the English

public would have respected him all the more if he had spoken his sentiments directly from his own national standpoint. However, this is a trifling fault. What matters more is the fault to which I have already alluded. Mr. Barrie does not fit his illustrations closely enough to his idea. It is possible that a girl might become a *malade imaginaire* simply through over-eating, and that a young man might, through the same cause, imagine himself to be in love with someone for whom he does not really care. But these are not typical examples of the stupidity induced by too much food. It would be better if the young man had the chance of marrying some ideal person, whom he did not appreciate until his wits were quickened by the lessening of his diet. Of course, this suggestion sounds pedantic. The play you say is a fantasy, and any fantastic thing can happen in it. But I maintain that all fantasy must be rooted in reality, and that Mr. Barrie has not duly correlated his delightful extravagances with the serious notion in the back of his head. The part of Lord Carlton, played by Mr. John Hare, is another example of irrelevance. He is the most prominent male character in the play, and yet he has practically nothing to do with Mr. Barrie's idea. He ought, surely, to be one of the sufferers whom the girl-doctor wishes to cure. As it is, he is simply a walking-and-talking gentleman, who asks her to marry him just before the curtain falls. Mr. Barrie is quite popular enough, quite sufficiently recognised as a sentimentalist, to have omitted that perfunctory touch of sentiment. After the roaring absurdities of the preceding scene, it can have imposed on nobody, and must have jarred on many people. The worst of it is that Lord Carlton might easily be made relevant. If he were the prime glutton in the play, and yet fascinated by the girl-doctor, and if in that final scene between them he had to choose between her and happiness on the one hand and dyspeptic plenty on the other, and if, after a desperate heart-struggle, he chose the latter alternative . . . but I seem to be mistaking collaboration for criticism.

Mr. John Hare's quaint and pungent manner was a corrective to his words in that final scene; and throughout the play he was admirable. One watches him with the same pleasure as one has in sipping a glass of very good dry sherry. Miss Nina Boucicault appears first as a child, and is much the best child that I have ever seen on the stage. Subsequently, she is the girl-doctor, and plays with fine imaginative power, making a very realistic thing of a very fantastic thing, and so doubling the fantasy. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, as the son of Lord Carlton, gives us a study of a young Englishman which is all the more amusing because it has been made with a touch of French malice and is instinct with French finesse. Mr. Eric Lewis, as an eminent physician, is irresistible.

MAX BEERBOHM.

ORGANISTS AND ORGAN MUSIC.

IN about a hundred years the organist of this period and of the past hundred years will form a curious study for the musical historian. In a sense music has been going ahead with tremendous strides. Where a dozen staves served Mozart, Richard Strauss must have forty or more. New instruments have been invented; and above all, means have been found for the expression of totally new ideas. In its outward aspects music has vastly changed; its content is a content unknown to the elder musicians. The old artificial vocalism has been nearly got rid of; we have gone back to an older mode of writing for the voice, the mode in which the notes fit the words like a glove and intensify or reveal the meaning of the words. In place of set symphonies in more or less rigid form and of the conventional opera we have symphonic poems and music dramas. The reader must excuse this series of obviousisms: merely I wish him to remember where we are before going on to consider the case of the English organist, the average English organist. In cathedral city, in town and in village we

find him plodding on exactly as his predecessors did a century ago. The chants he grinds out monotonously Sunday after Sunday belong, many of them, to the eighteenth century, and the bulk of them to not later than the middle of last century; the hymn-tunes are mostly of the eighteenth century and the unhappy mid-Victorian period; the anthems and services are either equally ancient or consist of modern sentimentalism. For voluntaries he uses a wider variety of things; but I shall discuss them later.

The main thing is that while the new is being sought, too often far too eagerly sought, in every other branch of music, the organist rolls along in the old rut. Names nearly unknown to the ordinary composer, fiddler, pianist, are to him the names of at least the lesser gods; the Smiths, Jacksons and the rest are men to be treated with respect; he can actually tell the difference between one and another of those series of commonplace chords which they called their compositions—he has his preferences and thinks one anthem or service finer than another. Counterpoint is to him the beginning and end of music; a man who can write a bit in eight parts is ipso facto a master of music; and as for one who can write a fugue of a sort and grow into a musical doctor, he is a being to be looked on with awe and worshipped from afar. Of course you cannot expect counterpoint and fugues for everyday wear: "correct" progressions (which any Academy student could write, by the way) are the thing. To be a doctor of music! There is the great ambition of the organist's life. Those who possess the slight musical and general intelligence necessary to write elementary harmony, counterpoint in eight parts and a fugue, who can do a bit of scoring and can afford the fees—they compass their desire with fair speed and put on a tall hat and a serious air and are thought the mighty men of their locality. People wonder why they are not more fully recognised in London; but the sapient doctor is content: he teaches his pupils anything from singing to violin-playing, and on Sundays he wears his hood, stalks up the aisle of his church with proud unconsciousness of his greatness, and plays his chants, hymns, service, and perchance an anthem of his own making with two and a half inches of solid fugal-writing in it. These Sunday performances are wonderful. So long as most of the notes are sung all is considered well and fair. Nothing like expression is attempted, which is very right; for if Jackson in F is tiresome as it was meant to be sung, what would it be if up-to-date sentimentalism were shoved into it? The organist who is more modern in his tastes is a less tolerable creature than his older-fashioned brother. He rather prides himself on not disliking Wagner, and even confesses to a sneaking liking for his earlier operas; and on Sundays he and his choir sentimentalise to their hearts' content in a way that must have been the envy of the late Mr. Moody. Sentimental hymns and anthems and tootling effects on the organ win the admiration of everyone; and in time, if not a very long time, the smart man, with perhaps even less musicianship than his plodding colleague, becomes a great local man.

At first it is hard to see why the organist should remain so antediluvian an affair. But there are a few points to be considered. First, he has not the slightest encouragement to make himself any better than he is. So long as he grinds his way stodgily through his services his congregation is quite content. In fact his congregation would be pained and resentful were he to try to introduce finer music and a more artistic manner of executing it. For generations all congregations have been accustomed to ugly music done in an ugly way and to them any change savours of impiety. About the end of the eighteenth century English music in general had sunk to its lowest point. Slowly foreign influences raised the artistic tone of the concert-hall and such opera as we have ever had. But foreign influences never touched the church. The early part of last century was an Evangelical, Low-Church one, and anything in the shape of beauty introduced into the church service was regarded as irreligious, blasphemous. Inevitably any man who was in the least an artist fought shy of the church. A few commanding personalities such as Sam Wesley

and the late Sir John Stainer managed to remain there and to hold their own: Stainer indeed did more than hold his own: he did his best to make the Anglican service an artistic one. The bulk of organists had become tradesmen; tradesmen they remained and tradesmen they remain. Go to an honest tradesman in the Old Kent Road and ask him who wrote "The Blessed Damsel" and you will get an answer. Ask the average organist to play the opening of Tchaikovsky's fifth symphony and you will also get an answer. These men do not attend concerts: they are at their churches to earn their livelihood by doing the work they are paid to do, and they desire nothing more than to do it. They are under the thumb of the vicar, of the churchwarden, of every leading member of the congregation: "theirs not to reason why": they must get through the morning and evening services without hitches, that is all. Their trade journals support them in their belief that all goes well. The modern developments of music are scoffed at; the "fine old church composers" are held up as models; week by week or month by month certain cathedral organists are pointed to with reverence as the "accepted authorities". So counterpoint and dulness, bad organ-playing and bad singing, flourish—and all is well with the world. Any young man who becomes a church organist must have powerful artistic instincts if he saves his soul alive. Not only are all these outside influences brought to bear upon him with almost overwhelming weight but the ghastly business of accompanying harmonised chants and hymns is enough to kill the artist in any man. The Anglican service is not adapted to music; it was never meant to be sung; and the extremely moderate amount that can be legitimately used with it gives no scope whatever to the talents of a genuine musician.

The organist cannot be called very successful as an executant. The organ-virtuoso is a rarity. Best, Stainer and Rea—these are the three I can call to mind. But they were more than organists—they were musicians who in spite of their musicianship held their own by the strength of their personal characters. Sir George Martin at St. Paul's is not a virtuoso but he is an artist; and there are a few others of whom the same may be said. The great mass of the organists, however, are the most mediocre performers. When they have mastered Mendelssohn's sonatas and half a dozen Bach fugues they think their education complete. Of anything like an individual style they know nothing; if any dozen Fellows of the College of Organists were to be heard in succession playing the same piece I venture to say that no one could possibly detect the difference between any one reading and any other. Naturally the music written for such players is not of a very high order. It may be divided into three classes: (1) The dull contrapuntal (2) the flippant musical-hally (3) the sweetly sentimental. I have just been looking through an immense pile which comprises all three sorts; and amongst the lot I did not meet one honest endeavour to do anything fresh and good. The same old effects were repeated with a regularity that was startling; and each composer (as I suppose he must be styled) seemed anxious to get in as many of these effects as possible—to use up the whole stock in each piece. Some things by Mr. Lemare struck me as the best, though they were not so much organ-music as music conceived orchestrally and transferred to the organ. I doubt whether finer music will ever again be written for the "king of instruments". It is an old-world instrument; its place is in the church; and its music was composed in the devotional ages. Perhaps if we had more concert-organs the rising generation might evolve new forms and a new style; and one thing is certain—that so long as the matter is left in the hands of the church-organists nothing will be done. Let them dream pleasantly on, these church-organists; but there is one thing I wish they would not do—if merely to oblige me—I wish they would not call themselves musicians.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

CALEDONIAN INSURANCE.

IT is satisfactory to record that yet another proprietary Life office has determined to give to participating policy-holders a larger proportion of the surplus than formerly. The Caledonian Insurance Company, which was founded as a Fire office in 1805, and commenced Life assurance in 1833, has hitherto given one-sixth to the shareholders, and five-sixths to the participating policy-holders. These proportions were maintained at the declaration of bonus made for the five years ending in 1902. But it has been determined that at future distributions of profits only one-tenth of the surplus shall be allotted to the shareholders. The change benefits all participating policy-holders and not merely those who effect their assurances after a certain date. This is quite as it should be, and the more liberal treatment of policy-holders adopted by the Caledonian, following closely upon similar action taken by other proprietary companies, will make it increasingly difficult for the proprietors of offices, which are out of date in this respect, to continue giving their shareholders too much and their policy-holders too little.

The new British Offices Table, which embodies the experience of life offices recently collected by the Institute and the Faculty of Actuaries, is coming into general favour for valuation purposes. It has been adopted by the Caledonian for its whole-life policies, though the Healthy Males table has been retained for endowment assurances. The rate of interest assumed throughout in valuing the liabilities is 3 per cent., but as the average rate of interest earned upon the funds has only been about 3½ per cent. the margin for surplus from this source is not large. The provision made for future expenses is 22·6 per cent. of the premium income, and the expenditure actually incurred during the past five years was 15 per cent. of the premiums, leaving a surplus from this source of about 7½ per cent. of the premium income, assuming the expenditure in the future to remain at the same rate as in the past.

The results of the valuation are somewhat disappointing. The total surplus was £155,130, of which one-sixth, amounting to £25,855, was given to the shareholders, and £129,275 to the policy-holders. Had the new regulations in regard to the distribution of surplus been in force, the policy-holders' share would have been increased by more than £10,000. For at least twenty-six years the bonus of the Caledonian has been a simple reversionary addition at the rate of £1 7s. 6d. per cent. per annum of the sum originally assured; but on the present occasion the bonus is 4s. less. This is disappointing, but is accounted for by two circumstances. In the first place it has been necessary to write off £27,000 from the book value of the marketable securities. It is by no means unlikely that this depreciation in the value of the assets will prove to be merely temporary and involve no permanent loss to the general body of policy-holders. The second cause of the diminution in the bonus is the increase in the reserves to the extent of £10,000 as the result of adopting a more stringent basis of valuation, a course which should result in better bonuses for the policy-holders in the future. This sum of £37,000 by which the surplus has been reduced would have provided a further bonus of about 6s. 6d. per cent. per annum, so that, but for these two causes, the bonus could have been increased to 30s. per cent. instead of being diminished to 23s. 6d. In view of these facts there is no cause for dissatisfaction in consequence of the bonus being less than formerly.

Even on the basis of the higher rate of bonus which formerly prevailed the policies of the Caledonian do not compare favourably with the results obtained from some other companies if a uniform premium, say of £100 a year, is taken in both cases; moreover, on endowment assurances the Caledonian bonus is at the low rate of £1 per cent. per annum.

The company has shown its wisdom in deciding to give its participating policy-holders a larger share of the surplus than formerly, and the directors might follow up this wise generosity by dealing in more liberal fashion with policies which are surrendered. The rates of surrender value at present given are

decidedly meagre, and in view of the current practice of the best offices in this respect the terms of the Caledonian are very unattractive.

The Fire department of the Company for each of the four years 1898 to 1901 resulted in a small loss. It is satisfactory to see that a great improvement has taken place in this respect, since the trading profit in the Fire account for 1902 was about 11½ per cent. of the premiums. This has enabled the directors to replace in the guarantee fund a sum of £15,000 which was applied last year towards the exceptional losses, and to bring up the reserve for unexpired risks to a higher percentage, in proportion to premium income, than has prevailed for some time past. The improvement in the results of the Fire business is due to the discontinuance of Fire Insurance in thirteen American States, and its curtailment in six other States. The result is that in 1902 the claims in the United States branch amounted to only 52 per cent. of the premium income. This is much more pleasant to contemplate than the loss which is so common a feature in the reports of British offices transacting Fire business in the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"PORT" AND "THOUGHT".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Please allow me heartily to applaud the letter you publish on this question—which has been mostly ignored by those best qualified to speak knowing as they do that people who can even think of such a term as "vulgar" in connexion with the rhyme "Belle of New York" and "Town Talk" are beneath notice and that the very word "vulgar" like the more disgusting word "common" is hardly heard except from Vulgarity's lips.

"One port methought alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare"—

Clough who knew our northern Doric might perhaps not have put that into the mouth of a Scotch sea-captain—but why Grub Street should require the rest of London (which is after all our capital!) to burr out "morn" with rolling r's I have never been able to see.

"Myrtilla, early on the lawn,
Steels roses from the blushing —"

Well, which is it to be, "dorn" or "mawn"?

As your correspondent says—if anybody will catch the most cultivated man of his acquaintance off his guard there will not be a pin to choose. English rhyme is already hampered enough without these fantastical fetters. On one point I venture to differ from him—the question of what one may call semi-rhymes—e.g. I cannot think that the last line of Gray's "Elegy"—

"The bosom of his Father and his God"—

suffers anything from having been rhymed with "abode"—I think these half rhymes have sometimes a sort of charm. However I am glad to see at last a protest against the puristical scribblers who try to persuade sensible people that "port" doesn't rhyme with "thought"! My feelings towards them are somewhat analogous to those of the testator in "Griffith Gaunt" who left everything to his house-keeper in one short sentence "save and except that I leave my solemn curse to any knave who hereafter shall at any time pretend that he does not understand the meaning of this my will and testament"!

Yours, &c.

ARMINE T. KENT.

RADIUM AND ITS RELATION TO THE STORY OF CREATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 Claremont Square, 26 September.

SIR,—The following interesting little paragraph, under the heading "A Peculiar Light" is to be found

in "Pinnock's Guide to Knowledge" (1834), p. 280. "Moses says that the light was first formed, and that was the first day. On the third day after this, the sun and moon were formed. As we have now no light but what comes either from the sun himself, or by reflection from the moon; and as there was light and also day and night before the sun and moon were formed, we must infer, that the day here mentioned must have been of a different character from our day, and that this light had a different source from an immediate communication with the sun. We may therefore conclude, that during the incipient formation of our planet, it possessed a light peculiar to its own constitution, which appears also to accompany other heavenly bodies, such as comets in a similar stage of their formation."

In the words "possessed light peculiar to its own constitution", we have a very good long-range shot. With our present knowledge of the properties of that massive atomic body, radium, and other radiating atomic suns, I venture to think, Sir, that another good link may now be forged into the chain of evidence of the non-discrepancy—no material discrepancy—between the account given in the first chapter of Revelation and the well-established results of scientific investigation.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES C. RICHARDSON.

WAR AND OPERA BOUFFE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 September, 1903.

SIR,—The relation between war and opera bouffe is more real than apparent. Monarchies and military systems have been overthrown on the stage before their fall on the theatre of war. Offenbach and Mdlle. Schneider overthrew, with the ridicule of "La Grande Duchesse" and Corporal Fritz, the small monarchies and little armies of petty German States before Königgrätz and Sadowa. The third Napoleon was overthrown before Sedan by such chansons as

"Brigadier, il fait beau temps.
Brigadier, vous avez raison".

"Absit omen." We are painfully reminded of the Captain of "H.M.S. Pinafore" and the modern Major-General of the "Pirates of Penzance", when one result of a serious War Commission is a very modern Admiral's demand for an apology from one of our modern Major-Generals for a statement given in evidence before the War Commission. It is so long since good Queen Victoria abolished the duello that one is equally surprised at the Bombastes Furioso attitude of our youngest Admiral and at the frivolous comparison made by our modern Major-General between naval gun practice and girls' schools. Of course one is not surprised at the disparaging remarks of the man of Colenso with respect to the guns and gunners he abandoned. Unfortunately there has been much pinafore and pooh! bah! connected with South Africa. Why were the officers and men of the Marine Artillery left on board the warship? Was it to keep the fires banked—while stokers and engineers were taken to complete the guns' crews of the Blue-jackets for Ladysmith? May not this have had something to say to the alleged inferior shooting? Why was not any official report made of the two howitzers manned by the Royal Artillery at Ladysmith, which a consensus of the garrison opinion admits to have been most effective? As to the services of the Royal Artillery siege train and heavy howitzer batteries, we are told next to nothing. They tell us nothing of themselves, for it is the tradition of that arm of the service to speak only by the mouths of their guns.

The motto of the Cow Artillery might be in lieu of "Ubique"—

"Sic vos non vobis—fertis aratra boves! . . .
Alter tulit honores"!

Yours, &c.

EMERITUS SECUNDUS R.A.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S IMPERIAL POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kincaig, Cutcliffe Grove, Bedford,
27 September, 1903.

SIR,—The supporters and opponents of Mr. Chamberlain's policy must admit that he has, in a comparatively short period accomplished a great deal; probably no living statesman could have done more. It is too soon yet to say whether a majority of the electorate will refuse to consent to anything which may tend temporarily to an increase in the cost of food, in order to give the Colonial foodstuffs a preference in the English markets.

I think it reasonable to assume that Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial policy would, if adopted, bring about a condition of greater stability. All sorts of dire calamities have been prophesied by the opponents of the scheme, but there seems no reason why the difficulties and dangers cannot be avoided if the various contracting parties adopt a policy of mutual give-and-take. The great thing is to get the electors to consider the policy without prejudice.

Mr. Chamberlain has stated that a preference could be given Colonial foodstuffs without increasing the cost of living to the consumers of this country; but even if it did involve a slight temporary increase in the cost of living, might not the advantages of consolidating the Empire be worth the sacrifice? Moreover, if that portion of the policy agreed to by the Prime Minister is successful when adopted, as it is reasonable to assume that it will be, then any increase in the cost of living will be compensated for by the increase of trade. Of course, all this is mere sophistry in the eyes of the fanatical free importers. Nevertheless, it is as logical as many of their musings. I am certain that many of the working class would prefer to pay a slight increase in the price of the loaf, if the adoption of the policy as a whole brought about greater stability in the matter of trade, and consequently as regards their employment. Then, as to the poorest of the poor. If the cost of living increases, this class necessarily suffer the most. But if Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial policy is desirable or essential for the future prosperity of this country, ways and means could doubtless be devised in order to assist those who would feel the pinch most in the event of the cost of living being raised, to however slight a degree.

Yours truly,

J. A. REID.

THE ETHICS OF MUSICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Benthall, Broseley, Salop.

SIR,—Without any of the usual formulæ, petitions or apologies I make the attempt to engage your attention however cursorily. I write with the intention of "going for" your very unamiable "J. F. R." and all the ignoble army of musical detractors he so bitterly represents.

To begin with let me state that I am a mere woman, but the age of chivalry is dead—therefore should "J. F. R." think fit he can lay me in the dust. (En passant, I trust that "J. F. R." reads the SATURDAY.)

I am also a bonâ fide musical critic! (let not "J. F. R." raise his eyebrows). In support of this reckless assertion I enclose my critical notice of the lately past Hereford Festival which you did not deign to recognise in your pages. I took the greatest pleasure in expressing my views on the subject of Dr. Edward Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius"; views diametrically opposed to those of your valued contributor. I read in your paper some month or so back that Dr. Elgar "was said to have spent two years writing 'Gerontius' and that it was a pity he had so wasted his time". I was once told by way of precept that before writing upon matters musical I should do well to study the "Manchester

Guardian". "You will never find them praising anything" I was assured, and this is the text of my discourse.

As a nation we are to-day great on reform; why does no one turn his attention to the reform of the musical critic? Some of the criticisms published by the daily papers on the works given at Hereford were anything but models of fair play; it wasn't cricket and it wasn't criticism: it savoured more of abuse. I would suggest to Messrs. Slate-em and Co. that to the gentle reader the accounts of the musical festivities these recorders attend give the impression that the writers are gouty subjects: on no other ground can one forgive them. My own imperfect idea of the way to influence the public musical taste is to attend performances, to absorb the music, note the way in which it is done, and reflect the attitude of the crowd (who after all do sometimes know a thing or two). After doing this, one sends to one's paper a record of the impression produced on the concourse of atoms there assembled, together with that made on the individual taste and temperament of that mighty atom—oneself. How do the critics feel after denouncing a soul-subduing work like "Gerontius" to find that in spite of them the public throng to hear it again and again and listen as at Hereford in an almost painful intensity of silence to the utterances of soloists and chorus?

When the critics of our leading journals put pen to paper is it a true estimate of the work or the performance they give us? or is it as often as not the utterance of overtired nerves and a blasé mind the result of a too busy life and a too lengthy career? The remedy is—let the younger generation be heard. If they have not such a vast experience, at least they are fresh and responsive, and capable of being impressed in the manner of the Hereford listeners who closely packed and uncomfortably situated yet throughout the performance of Dr. Elgar's great work indulged not in a cough and scarcely a movement lest they should disturb the atmosphere made electrical by unanimous concentration.

I am, yours truly,

EDITH J. ALLEN.

[This young lady confuses criticism with reporting. It is no part of a critic's function to study the attitude of multitudes, however great they may be. His concern is the work of art before him, and the judgment to be passed on it must be his and none other's. To infer the opinion of a large mass of people from the fact that they do or do not wriggle on their seats is reporting work, and nonsensical work it is. Is the value of a noble piece of music lessened because some one shuffles his feet? Is an audience a swollen Beck-messer marking all a composer's errors by scraping on the floor? No inferences of the slightest accuracy can be drawn from the conduct of an audience. If it listens with rapt attention to a great work we must remember that audiences have also listened with rapt attention to dozens of silly works. As for our correspondent's plan of combining the two methods of making copy, the critical and the reporting, let us advise her to take a moment's thought before so glibly repeating an exploded fallacy. Any new work with the smallest pretension to seriousness deserves attentive hearing; the newer and bigger in idea and execution it is the greater the attention demanded. But how on earth is a critic to listen attentively if he (or she) is engaged half the time in watching the audience? We would not give twopence for the judgment of a critic who had been so engaged. The thing wanted is the faithful record of the impression made by a work of art upon a sensitive and cultured mind; and what our critic pleaded for was greater truth and knowledge. Temperament is a gift, and those who do not possess it will never gain it; but it is open to all men to know their music thoroughly, to know many other things, especially literature, and to express fearlessly their real thought and feeling.—Ed. S.R.]

REVIEWS.

THE VANISHED AUREOLE.

"The English Saints." By William Holden Hutton. London: Wells Gardner. 1903. 12s. 6d. net.

THE British public does not quite like saints. It thinks they were superstitious and a little untruthful, and it does not itself set much store by heavenly-mindedness. It has its own ideal, greatly fostered by the writings of Hughes and Kingsley, of a brave, generous and helpful character, and it prefers in its national heroes a spice of Esau and of Saul. But the worshipping and contemplative soul it does not understand. Heaven is imagined to contain a loin-girded ministry to man but not breast-girded ministers to enthroned God. Yet England at one time produced and venerated saints. With commendable boldness Mr. Hutton chose for the subject of the 1903 Bampton's the "Influence of Christianity upon National Character, Illustrated by the Lives and Legends of the English Saints". Do they belong entirely to the past? Which saint in the English Kalendar exercises any influence on the Englishman of to-day? Nevertheless saintliness is normal, not abnormal, Christianity. It is not something remote from life, but the interpretation of common things by a vision of sanctity and a passion of perfection. Perfection implies discipline, training, thoroughness, science. It implies *θεωπία*. But we are a "nation boutiquière"—Napoleon, of course, only borrowed the phrase from Adam Smith—and also a nation of amateurs. English religion is a hand to mouth matter. The spiritual combat has to be "muddled through somehow", with a percentage of regrettable incidents. The modern is not convinced that "to be" must precede "to do", that each thing which is to perform its function efficiently must seek self-perfection, and that great achievement demands great travail. The silent life of prayer-praise, fast and alms is held exploded, as a preparation for philanthropic endeavour. Some years ago Mr. Henson spoke of the danger of the "Christian character disappearing under the strenuous and necessarily narrowing conditions of Christian activity". Men however speak of the mortified life as though it were but to kill self for a selfish end, not remembering what the seraphic virgin, Sienese Catherine, she of the incredible austerities and awful visions, has written—"It is in the love of the neighbour that all virtues are founded". The *ami du genre humain* of our day dispenses with the Cross.

The standpoint has certainly shifted greatly. For centuries the supposed embodiment of old English conservatism and national aspiration was that least John-Bullish of all monarchs, the Confessor, whose hallowed name still clings to every rite of the Coronation. S. George, to be sure, was a warrior. But what was there insular and English in the unexampled veneration paid by the nation for ages to the memory of S. Thomas of Canterbury?

Mr. Hutton's reason for leaving off at the end of the Middle Ages is not quite convincing. At the time of the Renaissance and Reformation, he says, the English character was formed and had reached maturity. The Church had practically exhausted her treasury of Christian types. The shining examples of the last three centuries are replicas of ancient patterns of Christian excellence. Certainly, except Charles I., to whose place in the Church's martyrology Mr. Hutton devotes most of his last lecture, no name has been added by the Church of England to her Kalendar since the thirteenth century. But why? Elsewhere the lecturer meets the question why we seek the heroes of faith in the bygone atmosphere of a narrow ecclesiasticism by a quotation from Bishop Westcott, who says of the saintly workers, hermit, monk or mendicant, of the middle age that they "vindicated great thoughts for our perpetual possession; they made clear by successive victories the reality of the spiritual". But the difficulty is still eluded. The norm of sanctity being thoroughly established, have we since been employed in producing numberless copies? Surely this is not so. Rather the type and ideal of goodness have changed, and the new type, whether we prefer it or not, is hardly canonisable.

You may have no use for the plaster saint, but at least he stands on a pedestal. The pious and unselfish Christian of our time is not a S. Francis or S. Elizabeth. Queen Victoria, on whose tomb Mr. Hutton lays a due garland of love and reverence, was not a S. Oswald or S. Louis. Archbishop Temple's life of strenuous duty did not make him a S. Ambrose or S. Anselm. It is not merely that the supernatural atmosphere is lacking. But when we say "the saints" we think of a rapt commercing with the Invisible, an absorbed renunciation of earthly joy, which casts down a glory upon the trivial round and the common task of the plodding virtuous, and the memory of which acts as an inspiration to unborn millions. Saintship, we might add, asks a picturesque and simple-minded setting of life which is now impossible, except perhaps in the mission field. The life of Lord Shaftesbury or of Dr. Pusey would hardly supply a popular legenda. Mr. Hutton urges the ecclesiastical commemoration of modern servants of God. A Kalendar which included a score of such names was lately put forth by the Bishop of Salisbury, and in one of the Tracts for the Times there are offices, if we remember rightly, for Andrewes, Laud and Ken. But it would be best to recognise frankly that saint-making, like Christian art, belongs to a past age and an older ideal. The saints, no doubt, were truly Catholic. We are not obliged to choose between a narrow pietism and a bustling benevolence. But the gospel of the new philanthropy is the duty of self-realisation rather than the losing oneself to find oneself; and besides all civilisation tends to the average and mediocre. The future lies with *l'homme moyen chrétien*.

We cannot agree therefore that the Christian of to-day stands where the achievements of Catholicism left him. When Flemish painters took to depicting frowsy boors carousing, instead of S. Cecilia by her organ, we see the effects of Calvinism and democracy. In the English Reformation there was more continuity. But the respectable, unascetic type of character formed by Anglicanism does not easily wear an aureole. It is like our scenery—no lofty snow-covered peaks rising out of dark valleys and undrained bogs, but a homely and comfortable expanse. English sainthood was sometimes mystical but was never morbid or extravagant. Mr. Hutton in his earlier lectures draws out the varying forms which hallowdom took in different nations. But it corrected the national character even more than it assumed it. The Saint of saints is *καθολικὸς ἄνθρωπος*, and His imitators preserved a universal type. Canonisation set the seal of the Church, or at least of Rome, on local veneration. To the saint *omne solum patria*. Welsh hagiology alone lay apart from the family life of Christendom. As the enemies of the Celtic saints had the advantage of writing their lives, we have received the idea that the *naomh* was a holy man professionally only and by primogeniture—that he took, as it were, the family living—and we are told this even of S. David and S. Columba! Against such a biased view we must set the Aidanolatry so uncritically originated by Lightfoot, and caught up to disparage the Italian mission of Augustine.

Mr. Hutton's Lectures display wide reading, and are too lively and good to moulder unread, like so many Bampton's, on the shelf. What Prebendary Bampton would have thought of them we are not sure. The treatment is too historical and antiquarian, too untheological and non-devotional, to be any real contribution to Christian apologetics. We are not much wiser at the end as to what has been the influence of Christianity on the national character. But we take a new interest in ecclesiastical biography.

AN OPPORTUNE LIFE OF MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

"Mr. Chamberlain: his Life and Public Career." By S. H. Jeyes. London: Sands. 1903. 16s.

MR. JEYES, with what looks like a humorous adroitness, has found in the phrase *πρὸς τὸ παρὲν ἀδρίκα* a motto which seems to be as applicable to his book as to the character and methods of his hero.

If the convention is no longer regarded—as it is not—of waiting for death before the issue of a biography, it is evident that nothing could be more instinct with a well-calculated opportunism than the issue of this biography at the present time; not even the career of Mr. Chamberlain himself. It is opportune also because it is the only kind of biography of Mr. Chamberlain which fair, reasonable, and cool-headed people will think worth reading. A too eulogistic or a too denunciatory account of Mr. Chamberlain's career might easily be composed by an uncritical admirer or antagonist. Both would be equally offensive to the reader who wishes above everything an impartial statement of all the facts in such relation as to show that the biographer has all the points of view in mind, and is exercising sound criticism in his mere method of narration. That is the characteristic of Mr. Jeyes' book throughout; he recounts accurately, fully, and dispassionately all the phases of Mr. Chamberlain's career from the time when he was the Radical Mayor of Birmingham down to 18 August, 1903, when he was still the Colonial Secretary and was writing to a correspondent denying that he had ever suggested taxing raw materials such as wool or cotton. Mr. Jeyes has allowed himself plenty of space to do this in. The book extends to nearly eight hundred pages; and we should think there was never a biography before of a still living man whose public career had been so fully displayed. It is especially copious in the period since 1885, the most important part of Mr. Chamberlain's career; and the peculiarly complicated events of the Home Rule controversy, the South African war and the social legislation of the Unionist Government, are related with a lucidity and appreciation of their connexion which are due to an expert's knowledge of public life. Whether the book is to be called interesting or not depends entirely on the point of view. If the reader only cares for anecdotes and gossip about Mr. Chamberlain's orchids and his eyeglass, or any laudatory or depreciatory tittle tattle of any kind, he may call it uninteresting. There is not a single description or story of a personal kind; and we never see Mr. Chamberlain anywhere but in the House of Commons or on the platform. We have heard a good deal of that impossible person the economic man; and Mr. Chamberlain is presented as being almost as solely that equally impossible person the political man as a human being can be and live.

If Mr. Jeyes had desired to be a political pamphleteer he would have imputed all possible or impossible base or selfish motives to Mr. Chamberlain or made him a paragon of patriotism, according to the side he happened to take. By the exclusion of the personal element he loses many possibilities of piquancy; but by doing so he follows the only dignified and worthy line for a biographer of a living man. He explains his method so clearly that we cannot do better than quote his own account of it. "It is easy" he says "to label a public man who has changed sides on more than one question of the day as an Opportunist, a Realpolitiker, and to suggest that he has been influenced by ambition, love of applause, self-conceit or repentment. But in dealing with a contemporary politician it is more mannerly and far safer to abstain from moral judgments—neither imputing the lower motives nor claiming the higher virtues. In the following pages no attempt will be made to go behind the facts and considerations which evidently have operated on Mr. Chamberlain's mind, and which explain his conduct at every crisis, whether we accept or repudiate the conclusions at which he has arrived". This purely objective treatment has the effect at least in two instances of showing that where doubtful motives have been imputed they are quite gratuitous. Mr. Jeyes shows conclusively that the charge of taking office with the set intention of wrecking Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy is unfounded; Mr. Chamberlain's letters and Mr. Gladstone's own statements are decisive. Moreover there is what may be called the *a priori* argument that Mr. Chamberlain sacrificed what seemed the probable and near reversion of a Liberal premiership. The fair quotation of one famous passage in a speech shows how maliciously a politician may be misquoted

and misrepresented by his opponents. What Mr. Chamberlain really meant by speaking of his association with "English gentlemen" is very simple. He said "We shall be taunted, I suppose, with an alliance with the Tories. At least our allies will be English gentlemen, and not the subsidised agents of a foreign conspiracy". Mr. Chamberlain might be suspected of many things but he was never so maladroit a controversialist as to use a crude phrase which lent itself so easily to the ridicule of himself.

The impression we receive on the whole from Mr. Jeyes' narrative (and it should be added that Mr. H. Whates writes Chapters XV. and XVI. on the West Indian colonies and West African possessions) is that Mr. Chamberlain's character is at the antipodes of a subtle, designing, sapping and mining type. We should say that he is more remarkable for intuition and impulsively adopting ideas than for great capacity of sounding the depths of intricate problems. Cleverness, talent, acuteness, are evident in all that he has done and he has the most useful of all gifts—that of being deeply enamoured of his own conceptions. He seems to have that peculiarity of the ingenious and inventive mind which can never rest until the notion is put into a concrete form. This temperament is often described as ambitious but it is something more than the desire for self-glorification in a vulgar sense: it is an intense desire for self-realisation. The greater men have it and it is in virtue of this that Mr. Chamberlain has himself been so considerable a part of all the politics which have occupied English public life since he entered Parliament. Mr. Jeyes notes several times the great admiration Mr. Chamberlain held for Lord Randolph Churchill. It was founded on a similarity of character which is the more striking for the difference of their circumstances. In both cases original genius for public life, in a country ruled through party politics and the political platform, made up for defects in knowledge of the wisdom of the ages and the finer accomplishments which have been the ornaments if not the necessary outfit of our greatest statesmen. At present there is more appreciation of the Churchill and the Chamberlain type; and Mr. Jeyes in an interesting passage of the introduction shows that it is this indifference to political philosophy and philosophical history that has given the touch of originality to Mr. Chamberlain's career. "One reason why some of Mr. Chamberlain's critics complain that he springs surprises on the country, and others charge him with sheer want of principle, is that they do not realise how absolutely independent he is, and always has been, of any school of political theory. He collects and examines all the accessible facts and probabilities which together make up a question of the day. On them and apparently on them alone he forms his opinion. This he will fortify with such general principles as happen to accord with it. Show him that the data were wrong or incomplete and he will reverse his own judgment." This seems accurately to describe Mr. Chamberlain's methods. A desirable modification perhaps would be that he started his Radical programme with Radical theories—Disestablishment, Republicanism, Abolition of House of Lords, Manhood Suffrage. But his subsequent programme making, which has been incessant, and the necessary result of his determination always to be in evidence as a leader, was exactly on the principles described. There was no insincerity in this; but certainly his ideas of the importance of his objects varied from time to time according to the exigencies of the general and his own political situation. His dissatisfaction with the Radical party's treatment of some of his favourite projects would have been less acute, and his arguments against them less insistent, if he had not happened to be in alliance with a Conservative Government. Once again Mr. Chamberlain is in his familiar attitude of making up a programme suddenly. We need not consider the merits of this programme here; but the fact that its promulgator is now, as he has so often been during his career, the centre of political interest gives additional zest to a biography well done and opportunely presented.

PROGRESS AND PROBLEMS OF CENTRAL EUROPE.

"Central Europe." By Joseph Partsch, Ph.D., Professor of Geography in the University of Breslau. Heinemann.

PROFESSOR PARTSCH'S contribution to "The Regions of the World" is encyclopædic in its scope, instructive and suggestive. Even when we differ from his conclusions they challenge respectful consideration, for they are founded on hard fact and minute statistic; they are the fruits of elaborate study and wide personal observation and they invariably converge in the economic aspects of the regions he passes in methodical review. The geological chapters are somewhat stiff reading, yet they are not to be passed over lightly, for they illustrate the influences of soil, climate and temperature on the movement of races, the development of industries and the cultivation of crops. To his "Central Europe" he assigns somewhat arbitrary limits. It includes the Netherlands on the one side: the Balkan States and Roumania on the other: it is bounded by France to the west and by Russia on the east.

Professor Partsch holds that however formidable as a military power, United Germany as a colonising power has come into the field too late. With dangerous possible enemies on either frontier, she cannot lay aside her weighty armour or give free scope to her aspirations. He says she is between the colossal world Empires of Britain and Russia, and in politics, as in commerce, the expansion of America gives her fresh cause for anxiety. Political complications are tending towards the East, yet the centre of stability is still in Central Europe, and his deduction is that the States comprehended most in self-defence come to a common understanding. He throws cold water on the idea of Germany contesting the supremacy of the seas. With indifferent and artificial harbours, with a limited maritime population, geography is against her, and great colonies would only be a source of weakness, now that the fairest regions of the world have been preoccupied by fortunate rivals. Yet the Professor casts longing side glances at the possessions and ports of Holland. But if these dreams are dispelled, he sees every reason for complacency as to the future. Central Europe, like the great federation of the American Union should be self-sufficing. The growth of industries in the last half-century has far more than outstripped the rapid increase of population. Cities that had fallen into decay have become swarming hives of labour: tracts of country given over to pasturage and scanty crops have been enriched by discoveries of coal and iron: rivers, supplanting the railways are become busy highways of traffic: German emigrants may dispense with German colonisation, when, with their exceptional qualifications, they find lucrative occupation under foreign flags: with all the maritime drawbacks there has been a marvellous expansion of the mercantile marine, and Hamburg now ranks with Liverpool after London and New York as the third commercial port of the world.

Paradoxical as it may seem, he takes it as an encouraging sign—that with all the awakening of active industry the imports largely exceed the exports. Central Europe consumes the bulk of its own products and manufactures, for the standard of living has been raised and there is abundant money in circulation. What used to be unattainable luxuries for the artisan and peasant are now the necessities of everyday life. Yet there are striking contrasts between the North and West and the South and East. The North has been moving with the times and turning all its resources to advantage. What is of the greatest value in Professor Partsch's volume is that he brings his information "up to date." He notes everything that recent enterprise has effected, from Amsterdam and Antwerp to the iron gates of Orsova. Now, as in the Middle Ages, cities have risen again into affluence by finding themselves at the intersection of new highways of traffic. Others have continued to be moderately prosperous by being the centres of converging waterways and of favoured agricultural districts. Some, like Berlin, have become populous and wealthy at the word of command and in

the face of all natural disadvantages. Temperaments, as he says, are toughened or softened by the conditions of their existence. It is a far cry from the vineyards of the South to the sand dunes of the Baltic, and there are the intermediate zones of wine, of beer and of fiery potato brandy. The pushing Brandenburgers who made Berlin, were bred among sands and Scotch firs, struggling potato patches and starving rye crops. Apropos to this, he gives statistics that throw light on the question of the degeneration of the race through Slavonic invasion. A Slavonic tide has been setting steadily westward, and already many Poles are employed in the mines and factories of Westphalia. As fast as the migration goes on from Prussian Poland, the emigrants are replaced by mendicants in search of work from Ruthenia and Galicia. America relieved Germany of the redundant population in times when she was far from self-supporting. Trade with America has enriched merchants, shipowners, and manufacturers. From America she draws much of her raw material, but America is now disturbing her European markets, and pressing heavily on landowners and agriculturists. As in England, wheat scarcely pays the farmers. The richest land was carefully cultivated for beetroot, and sugar bakeries paid the shareholders handsome dividends. Now the United States, with their new tropical acquisitions are entering into keen competition, and threaten to oust Germany from the market. As for the silver mining of the Hartz, which was formerly so profitable, America has ruined it.

The progress of the German Empire is the most important part of the book, but the survey of other countries is not less interesting. Austria-Hungary, notwithstanding political dissensions, has made great strides, and has done marvels in the way of opening up communications. Now there is cheap water carriage on a network of canalised rivers and canals between Hamburg and Prague, and other canals are projected or in course of construction which will prolong connexions to the Black Sea. The blasting and cutting rock channels at Orsova have revolutionised the perilous navigation of the Danube. The natural wealth of the fertile Hungarian and Roumanian plains finds easy outlets at grain ports with safe harbours, spacious storehouses and ample wharfrage; nevertheless the Southerners even when fully civilised, as he complains, are comparatively apathetic. The forest schools of Austria-Hungary have long been famous, and we were greatly struck by the scientific display in the forestry department at the great Vienna Exhibition. Yet he says that more might be done for the preservation and exploitation of the forests, and undoubtedly the refinements of viticulture, with specially favourable conditions of soil and climate, are relatively neglected. Yet the growth of Buda-Pesth in the last thirty years indicates the extraordinary advance of the Hungarian in wealth and enterprise; and where the Austrian Government has a free hand, as in the military administration of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, Vienna can hold her own with Berlin.

Though Professor Partsch's methods are severely statistical, he blends poetry with his prose and romance with his figures. His pictures of wild scenery are well done, especially when he takes us over the passes of the Alps, or turns aside into such arid deserts as the Karst, cursed with drought and tantalised with a superabundant rainfall draining off by natural wells to flood subterranean rivers. In one of his most impressive passages he foretells the day when science will turn savage nature to profitable account; when the torrents of the Alps will be pressed into the service of the electrician, and solitudes seldom trodden by the human foot may become busy centres of life and energy.

INDUSTRIAL AMERICA.

"American Industrial Problems." By W. R. Lawson. London: Blackwood. 1903. 6s. net.

THE rapid growth of American industry with its menace to Western nations has called forth a great mass of literature. Much of this is of an ephemeral and trivial character, but among the more

solid volumes Mr. Lawson's book takes an eminent place for comprehensiveness of scope, temperateness of criticism, and sanity of outlook. Neither a blind admirer of American methods nor struck with a panic fear of "American invaders" he has succeeded more than any other writer in seizing the prominent elements of American industry and commerce and in describing both the strong and the weak points of our most formidable competitor. A parallel volume on the industry of our own country would make very interesting reading and would probably dispel some of the crude notions current to-day. At a period when not only legislation but foreign policy is based upon industrial considerations it is a serious reflexion upon our economists that no book exists from which politicians may gain at least some elementary information about industrial structure and organisation. Books on economic history and theory there are in abundance, but there is no up-to-date description of modern industry nor even indeed of particular trades. It is to be hoped that the new commercial faculties of London and Birmingham will speedily make good this defect.

Mr. Lawson early strikes the keynote of American business. "There is no institution, local or national, which is not imbued with a commercial spirit. The whole Republic, from the White House downward, lives in a commercial atmosphere." We are wont to look upon America as a hotbed of individualism but the American business man does not scruple to use the powers of the State for his support. "As nine-tenths of the American people live by commerce or industry, they expect these to be also the chief concern of their rulers. And invariably they are. . . . By common consent politics is subordinated to business." Congress, according to Mr. Lawson, "faithfully and diligently" studies the commercial interests of the country, while the services of the American consuls in assisting their compatriots to obtain contracts, and the usefulness of the Census Department in compiling industrial statistics contribute largely to the growth of business. This immersion of Congress in the business problems of the day exposes it however to the danger of being captured by the commercial interests whose astute lobbyists are not too particular about their means of persuasion, and indeed, as Mr. Lawson points out, "it is becoming a question if the Morganeers have not already got control of the Government". At present they do control the Republican party and so great is the power of the almighty dollar that plutocrats and working-men were found voting together for President McKinley in 1896 and 1900. "Whoever can find out the secret of that paradoxical co-operation will have a clue to the future history of American combines."

After a preliminary survey of his subject in three chapters and a description of the physical factors in three more, Mr. Lawson devotes four chapters to the personal factors—the workman, the boss, the organiser, the financier—six to corporate factors, banks, railways, trusts, controlling companies, Wall Street, and the "grain-pit"; one to Congress; four to international factors, the tariff, exports, imports and markets; six to typical industries, and a concluding chapter to problems of the future. It is hard to make a selection from so much that is valuable, but we may note his belief that British workmen are as good as American but for the prejudice against machinery, which has been fostered by the attempts of employers to use labour-saving appliances to reduce the rate of wages, and his admiration of the superior organising ability of the American business man whose ambition is to do his best for himself and his industry. More novel however are his chapters on finance and banking, the weak points of commercial America. There is a close connexion between the banks, the railroads, the trusts, and the speculative syndicates. "American bankers have never learned caution as it is understood in England", and Mr. Lawson is visibly uneasy as to the effects of a period of bad trade. Not only over-capitalised trusts and curiously financed railways would suffer in bad times. The fascination of speculation, of buying something for ten cents and selling it for ten dollars, is greater to-day in America than ever before, and banks and trust companies have been dragged into the whirlpool. Every

great Wall Street plunger has a bank behind him if not "in his pocket", every corner is financed by one or more banks, and so schemes, which elsewhere would bring their promoters into the criminal courts are carried out in New York amid the envy of all Americans and with the participation of everyone who has got fifty dollars to gamble with. "Herein", says Mr. Lawson, "is the greatest peril of the American situation"—a peril from which our more conservative and honest methods of finance have saved us. Despite the dazzling successes which American industry has already gained, its victory is far from being assured. European industrialists are learning the lessons of organisation; the prospects of great American labour wars are increasing; the cancer of speculation has still to be excised. And so Mr. Lawson ends on a cheerful note—for Britons.

Several recent occurrences have shown the accuracy of Mr. Lawson's analysis. The Shipbuilding Trust was to "sweep Britain from the seas"; it has itself collapsed. The Atlantic Combine was to put an end to English supremacy on the ocean; the one thing which is evident amid all the rumours which have been current for some months past is that American management has not been a success. Even the great Steel Trust itself with its nominal capital of £280,000,000 is no longer referred to as a miracle of finance in the way that was common immediately after its inception. While the boom held the structure looked beautiful, but now at the first suspicion of bad times its common stock is quoted at 16 (par 100), its preferred below 62, and even its 5 per cent. gold bonds at 70½. If a real depression comes it will be found that the watered stock which was dumped on the public is the reverse of a gilt-edged security. There is doubtless a good deal which we have to learn from the States, but buccaneering methods in finance coupled with unlimited bounce in commerce are not the weapons with which supremacy will be wrested from the Old World.

TO POPULARIZE ATHENS.

"Ancient Athens." By E. A. Gardner. London: Macmillan. 1903. 21s. net.

THE splendid remains of the dawn of civilisation in the Ægean, first revealed to modern eyes by the work of Schliemann, have probably ever since continued to attract more general interest and wonder than the remains of historic Greece. Even the treasures of Olympia and Delphi have failed to outshine those of Mycenæ. The novelty of these early remains has something to do with this fact; but a stronger reason is doubtless that Troy and Mycenæ figure more prominently in those works of Greek literature which have made the most permanent impression on modern thought. Who but the specialist cares for the prehistoric city discovered on the Island of Melos? It has never been mentioned in literature. Still more recently, the sensational discoveries in Crete, with their appeal to a multiplicity of interests, historic, artistic, philological, ethnological, have helped to overshadow the existence of that classical period of art and literature, but for which no one would have thought of looking for the remains of an earlier and forgotten age. In some time to come the Greek archaeologist will perhaps be differentiated from the "Ægean" specialist; he will begin his studies with the eighth century B.C. For him Athens will always remain the university where he must graduate. Of the prehistoric age Athens does indeed furnish some remains, but on a small scale and ill-preserved; but from the eighth century before Christ down to the second century of our era the history of Greek art in all its branches is, to all intents and purposes, to be read in Attic art. Olympia may yield its Hermes of Praxiteles, and Delphi its bronze charioteer, and even Sidon its sarcophagi, as contributions to the history of art; but it is into the framework of what remains in Athens, or was exported thence in ancient or modern times, that all these other monuments must be fitted; whether they are the work of Attic artists or not, it is by the criteria of Attic art that, directly or indirectly, we judge them all. They

do not always fare well in the comparison. The incomparably beautiful head of the Demeter of Cnidus is not of the same piece as the body, which is of very inferior workmanship; the back of the statue is unworked. But the backs of the pedimental sculptures of the Parthenon are as exquisitely finished as the fronts, although, since the time when they were passed by Pheidias, no one was intended to see anything but the front view. It is sad, but instructive, to think that critics have suggested that, for this very reason, these sculptures must have been meant for exhibition before being put in place. A still more striking, because less obvious instance of the thoroughness of Attic work is furnished by the jointing of the drums of the columns of the Parthenon, which has been made so air-tight as in some cases to preserve the wooden plugs in the centre. The extraordinary mathematical properties of the lines and proportions of this building are well known, if not well understood. We find, it is true, something approaching to a sham in the S.W. wing of the Propylæa, but if ever there was excuse for an architect, driven by religious conservatism to mutilate a splendid plan, it was here. This extraordinary combination of artistic inspiration with technical conscientiousness is the distinguishing mark of the best Attic art, and does eternal honour to the average Athenian. For, as Mr. Gardner observes, the designs of Ictinus "could never have been carried out without the help of a body of masons whose technical ability and scrupulous exactness were worthy of such a master". To sing the praises of Attic art to educated persons may seem impertinent and superfluous; but it is not so, if we can thereby emphasise the fact that the people who in ancient times were greatest in literature were also greatest in the fine arts, because the same principle underlay all their work. So that to understand either we must study the other. A glimmering of this truth inspired the pathetic confession of Michael Angelo Titmarsh: "If, as the schoolmaster tells us, the Greek writing is as complete as the Greek art—if an ode of Pindar is as glittering and pure as the Temple of Victory, or a discourse of Plato as polished and calm as yonder mystical portico of the Erechtheum—what treasures of the senses and delights of the imagination have those lost to whom the Greek books are as good as sealed!"

Possibly Mr. Gardner's book may help to bring home to the "pure" scholar, who still as a rule fears archaeology and distrusts picture-books, the inadequacy of his envisagement of ancient life. But it is more likely to be read by another class of persons. The archaeologist is confronted with a yearly increasing output of books designed to popularise the study of antiquity. He has at last come to confess, with a sigh of resignation, that since publishers continue to produce these books there must be some sort of need for them. In his heart of hearts he doubts whether the popular treatise can be anything but a hindrance to archaeology, and is certain that it will not make archaeologists of those who are attracted by the delusive ease with which it is assimilated. Yet he is seldom in a position to resist the insidious suggestion of the publisher that he should contribute to a series, or at least write a volume uniform with some other that has found a market. Further, he may salve his conscience with the consideration that in England, where everything depends on private enterprise, the serious work of archaeology, the publication of learned articles, the upkeep of the schools at Athens and Rome, the carrying out of excavations and explorations, are all supported by the guineas of the corona of amateurs. Now, if this sort of supporter is to be encouraged, let the people who provide the bait for him be competent scholars. In many respects Mr. Gardner's book is a great improvement on the volume which has hitherto served as an archaeological guide to English and Americans in Athens. It is carefully and soberly written, free from cheap sentiment and unconsciously humorous translations; and it is fair to say that it is the best popular account of Athens in any language. The impression left on the mind, however, is that in the discussion of the vexed questions of Athenian topography the book goes at once too far and not far enough. Probably the vast

majority of those who are likely to use it do not care a straw about the Enneacrunus or Theseum questions; the stage or no stage problem of the Attic theatre may possibly excite a languid interest in the breast of the touring schoolmaster, or even of the "Etonians, Harrovians, and other public school men". But how many of them will care to examine the attempts to bring Pausanias into harmony with Thucydides, and both with the extant remains? A few, perhaps; but these will find that the book does not supply them with sufficient materials, in the shape of references to literature, to enable them to sift the matter for themselves. The alternative is either frankly to shirk these difficult problems, or else to supply the fuller material in notes. But nothing insults the reader of popular scientific literature so grievously as to be made to feel that he is only skimming the surface of the subject; and footnotes and references have a way of suggesting hidden depths. When a book with notes is worth reading at all, the best of it is sure to be below the text. Debarred from this means of letting himself go, the author gives us the impression of having printed only half his book, and not the better half. Perhaps, under happier auspices, he might have shaken himself free of an excessive hesitancy, leading to such invertebrate conclusions as: "Nothing would justify so improbable an assumption but the necessity of a still more improbable assumption in the alternative case; and the opinion of those who prefer to follow Pausanias. . . must be admitted to have much in its favour." There is little to choose between this and the dogmatism of the German professor who cried "What is the use of saying anything when you are not sure of it?" We do not however wish to disguise the fact that Mr. Gardner has had to struggle with most perplexing problems, and has met with as much success as the conditions laid down for him permit. When we have added that the Greek quotations seem to have had a most distressing passage across the Atlantic, and that the smaller illustrations, often inadequate, should have been sacrificed for more plans (without which, for instance, the description of the changes in the Propylæa is unintelligible), we have done with faultfinding. The plates are excellent.

NOVELS.

"Gordon Keith." By Thomas Nelson Page. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

When an author is constantly labelling his hero "a gentleman" we feel an uncomfortable suspicion that it is because he is afraid that his readers will not otherwise recognise him as such. Throughout this story Mr. Page is obsessed by this idea. We should not like to say how many times the word "gentleman" is dragged into his pages. Gordon Keith is a kind of Admirable Crichton whose adventures as village schoolmaster, stage-coach driver, engineer, and financier we are invited to follow. The foil to this jack-of-all-trades is a cowardly villain of the Adelphi type, who, coming to loggerheads with any character friendly to the hero immediately succumbs on being informed "You are not a gentleman". Many minutely described characters are introduced for the apparent object of swelling the number of pages since they in no way help the progress of the story. The volume is a dime novel in English dress which may appeal to American youths, but which is, we should imagine, hardly likely to find a large number of readers over here.

"Johanna." By B. M. Croker. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

Johanna was a beautiful Kerry girl, and in her native glen we find her very attractive. Here she dwelt secluded, single-handed controller of her father's few acres and many cocks and hens. Here too she plighted her troth to Shamus McCarthy, a broth of a boy. Six other boys lay in wait for Shamus, instigated by a shrewish heiress whom he had slighted, with intent to do him a mischief.

(Continued on page 434.)

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But Shamus bested them, leaving one of them for dead. The man recovered, but meanwhile Shamus had fled and enlisted. The shrew married Johanna's miserly father, to spite Johanna, and eventually by her unkindness drove her stepdaughter to flight. So far the story is excellent. But now certain errors creep in. Mrs. Croker puts us out of conceit with Johanna by insisting repeatedly on the girl's density and stupidity. Also there is a great deal of unblushing padding; details of vulgar lodgers at the house where poor Johanna became—in Mrs. Croker's phrase—"a slavey", and long, long letters about the Boer War from militant Shamus, epistles with whose substance we are already amply familiar. These are blemishes which one is disappointed to find in Mrs. Croker's work. The story ends happily.

"The Rose of Joy." By Mary Findlater. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

A passage from Emerson supplies both text and title for Miss Findlater's new story—"In the actual—this painful kingdom of time and chance—are care, canker and sorrow: with thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity—the rose of joy—round it all the muses sing". This transcendental utterance is shown to us as a literal truth in the life of Susan Crawford, the idealist and artist with a dull and almost automatically conventional mother. Although Susan allows herself to be more or less completely a victim of circumstances—even to the extent of becoming the wife of a man whom she merely "likes"—she is quite an acceptable character, one who claims both our admiration and our pity, and one who has been carefully and successfully limned. Indeed Miss Findlater shows herself anew in this book to be a patient observer of individuality and a capable recorder of that which she observes; there are several characters in the story that we feel we shall remember as though we had known them personally. There is an inartistic jump of twenty years from the first chapter to the second which might have been more skilfully managed; the first chapter is in effect the close of one romance, the second is the opening of another. The title is suggestive of a joyous story, but like so much clever work of the day the reading of "The Rose of Joy" is more depressing than enlivening.

"The Countess and the King's Diary." By Percy White. London: Eveleigh Nash. 1903. 6s.

The two stories which make up this volume were published one in 1894, the other in 1899. We think that some indication of this fact should have been given in a prominent place in the volume. As it is, unwary purchasers will probably imagine that they are obtaining new matter. Neither of the stories shows Mr. Percy White at his best. They are both glib and fluent, with very little depth of thought and feeling. The first deals with the infatuation of a countess, "one of the ornaments of the 'smartest' set, famous for her contempt of conventionalities, and of a reputation which would have ostracised any audacious matron of the middle class". The object of her infatuation is a young fencing master ("a gladiator with the soul of a virgin"), a gentleman by birth, who has fallen on evil days. Although he does not hesitate to accept numerous favours at her hand, so far from returning her passion he has the bad taste to fall in love with somebody else, which naturally annoys the Countess somewhat. She therefore decides that he is best out of the way and secures for him a lucrative appointment in Central Africa whereupon he asks his lady love to marry him. "The rose-crowned presence", we read, "had stepped down from the purple heights and given him a hundred tender human kisses, and his soul was full of wonder and delight". Well, well! But it is surely very wrong of Mr. White to represent as a hero and as a brave and chivalrous gentleman this very poor creature who, on the "swag" obtained from one woman runs away with another. Mr. White is something of a moralist himself but apparently he does not go deep enough to see his hero in the true light.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Peeps at Parliament." By H. W. Lucy. London: Newnes. 1903. 7s. 6d. net.

We knew we should find the M.P.'s kamerband somewhere in this book, and curiously enough it opened at the kamerband page. "It was", says Mr. Lucy, "Lord Wolmer who first flashed a kamerband within sight of the astonished Mace, a circumstance that made resistance hopeless". This, the context shows, means that the wielder of the Mace could not interfere as the kamerband was seen round the waist of "not only a Lord Chancellor but of the gravest-mannered peer in the House of Lords". So "all was lost", and nobody interfered. This volume is full of matter of this kind.

"Some Fruits of Solitude." By William Penn. London: Constable. 1s. 6d.

There is that about these "pensées" of Penn which save them from criticism: they are not meant to be clever and for that reason in spite of half a century of neglect have never ceased to please. "They are next to unnatural that are not communicable" is his spirit; and cheerfulness is the air it breathes. Perhaps Stevenson's discovery of a little copy on a San Francisco bookstall and his confession of its saving health are immediately responsible for the revival in editions of Penn. But it is a sort of shrewd buoyancy in the idiom of the little thoughts that gives the exclusive charm to Penn's "Fruits of Solitude" as compared with other and more famous "Maxims" "Reflections" "Pensées" and "Epigrams". This edition, which we notice Messrs. Constable have taken over from Messrs. Freemantle who first framed it in such good taste, is what it should be—little, small enough almost for a waistcoat pocket, and yet big in type. Mr. Gosse too is at his best in an explanatory and not too "precious" introduction.

"The Minor English Poems of John Milton." Methuen.

This latest issue of the books in the "Little Library" series has the advantage of an introduction and notes by Mr. Beeching. The notes are excellent as far as they go, but they are very brief and too much deal with what we may call pedigree questions. We should like to join issue with Mr. Beeching in his estimate of the sonnets. Are they really so little deserving of Wordsworth's attribute? And what does Mr. Beeching mean by saying that Milton's rhymes are "poor"? What is a poor rhyme? At any rate it is to Milton's honour as a rhymist that he avoided the "rime riche". But this point is a small one in an edition which has been edited with unusual taste.

"Fly Leaves." By Charles Stuart Calverley. London: Bell. 1903. 1s. net.

It is by no means very easy to buy cheap copies of Calverley's works at the London or country second-hand bookstores, so that this little volume deserves a welcome. It is fairly well printed on at least presentable paper—more you can scarcely look for when the price is but a shilling—and when the cover grows shabby the little book may be bound. Of course all educated people should have a copy of Calverley. It is this collection that contains perhaps Calverley's most famous verses "The Organ Grinder"; but some may think the gem is the study of "Peace", the worn-out city clerk sitting alone by Carmarthen Bay, and reading the "Morning Herald" clean through in his exquisite joy. There is a philosophy of life in "Fly Leaves" and one is sometimes not so sure that it is superficial.

"The Scarlet Letter." By Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Lane. 1903. 1s. 6d.

A very pretty edition of Hawthorne's famous story: No. XIII. of the New Pocket Library series; and is a companion volume to "The House of the Seven Gables" another masterpiece of the most charming of American authors.

"The Tariff Problem." By W. J. Ashley. London: P. S. King. 1903. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Ashley is a Liberal economist who has taught in both Canadian and American universities, and has had wider opportunity than the majority of economists at home of acquainting himself with facts bearing upon not only the tariff but the imperial problem. His volume is an opportune review of the case for Mr. Chamberlain, though it was not apparently prepared with that particular purpose in view. He examines Adam Smith's philosophy with as near an approach to impartiality as could be expected, and shows how much less cosmopolitan Smith was than many of his followers. As an economist the author of "The Wealth of Nations" did not disregard political considerations nor apologise for introducing non-economic arguments. As a matter of fact much of Smith's teaching makes for protection. Freedom implied individualism, and individualism has largely disappeared in regard to both capital and labour. "One wonders", says Mr. Ashley, "what Smith would have said to the present condition of affairs when the English people is dependent upon importation for more than three-quarters of its bread and for almost half of it upon importation from a country with which we have quite recently seemed on the verge of war. Or again, if he had lived in these days of steel-built battleships would he have viewed with

equanimity a state of things which may well make its appearance a flourishing shipbuilding trade absolutely dependent upon importation for the cruder forms of steel which it needs as its raw material". Adam Smith took the view that "what would be folly in the case of a family can scarcely be wisdom in the case of a nation"; on that basis there can be little doubt as to what line he would have taken after a comprehensive survey of the state of British trade and industry. Whilst presenting a strong and sober case for preferential tariffs within the Empire, Mr. Ashley scouts the idea of any policy aiming at "Anglo-Saxondom" in economics. He is naturally anxious not to say anything which would wound the susceptibilities of his American friends, but he has no faith in American regard for England. On the other hand he favours Germany. "Germany and England are naturally marked out to be friends by their position in face of the United States and Russia", and he would extend at least "a benevolent neutrality" to Germany should she attempt to secure special facilities for the emigration of her people to, and the promotion of her trade in, either Asia Minor or South America. Mr. Ashley shows no sentiment in dealing with this tariff problem, but approaches it with level-headed business instinct. He does not believe in the gratitude of the colonies to the Mother Country, but he does believe that they are eager to develop their commercial chances and suggests that if they do not enter into some scheme with Great Britain they will ultimately range themselves against her. His book ought to be widely read by Mr. Chamberlain's supporters.

"How to Become an Author." By A. Bennett. London: Pearson. 1903. 5s.

Mr. Bennett has many excellent things to say, if many of them are not new; but the idea of a book which tempts the too willing amateur to become a professional author is nothing less than horrible. There is an immense amount of book-making to be done in these days and as the bulk of it is hack work its methods may be indicated. But any book which suggests that authorship, a word once possessed of some dignity, can be taught! It is appalling to read that "there is a steady demand for collections of anecdotic gossip and royal scions of all countries and nearly all ages" and it is horrible to think that a man who has the taste to exalt the style of Cowper's letters and to shudder at "strong-minded female" should put his hand to such work.

For This Week's Books see page 436.

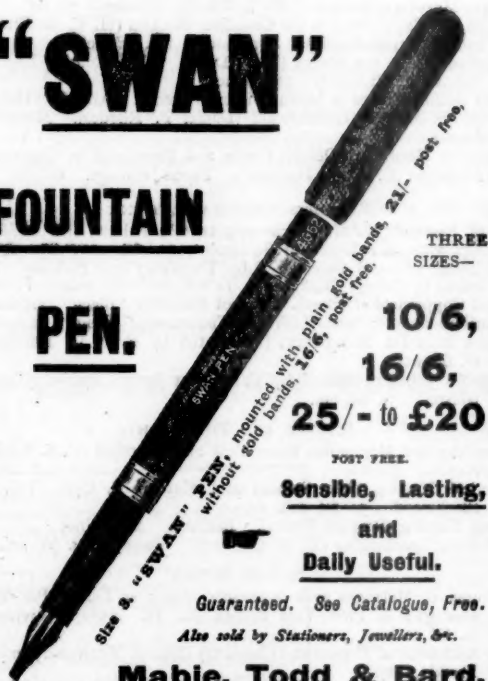
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(Continued on page 438.)

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Unissued (196,668 Shares)	196,668	0	0							
Issued Shares				803,332	0	0				
Reserve Fund				10,202	3	9				
Special Reserve Fund				59,116	19	2				
Securities on deposit				20,086	0	0				
Bills Payable				11,009	0	0				
Dividend 1897—Balance				649	17	6				
Suspense Account—										
Participations (as per Contra)				125,044	0	0				
Certificates representing Share Interests in the Beira Railway Co.				55,000	0	0				
Unrealised Profits (Balance of Account)				1	10	0				
Shareholders' Account—										
Calls payable										
Properties and Rights acquired							259,342	13	5	
Shares and Debentures—										
2,453 Shares Companhia de Moçambique				2,453	0	0				
60,540 Shares Beira Railway Company				25,722	15	6				
5,283 Debentures Beira Railway Company				4,213	12	5				
9,000 English Consols, Bank of Lisbon and										
Acres				10,085	7	3				
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180 Shares Chimesi Exploration Co.				180	0	0				
Deposits to Order							120,044	0	0	
Cash in hand							1,358	0	0	
Cash in hands of Committees—							433	14	0	
In Paris							£8,838	19	7	
In London							5,704	18	0	
Sundry Debtors							14,543	17	7	
Securities deposited as qualifications							11,474	16	5	
Furniture							20,086	0	0	
Preliminary Expenses							892	13	3	
General Expenses, 1902							47,545	7	1	
Bills Receivable							287	4	4	
Administration in Africa (Balance) £477,443				477,443	8	7				
Less Amounts in Transit				19,108	2	7				
Loss on African Administration in 1902							458,335	6	0	
Balance as per Profit and Loss Account							28,712	12	9	
							420,622	13	3	
							42,426	19	6	
							£1,084,441	12	5	

LISBON, 31st December, 1902.

THE FREDERICK HOTELS.

THE fifth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders in this Company was held on Thursday at the Hôtel Russell, Russell Square, under the presidency of Mr. R. W. E. Middleton (Chairman of the Company). The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting. The report stated that out of the balance of £18,868 to the credit of profit and loss account at the 30th June last, the dividend on the preference shares, amounting to £13,750 for the half-year, was paid on the 31st August, leaving a sum of £5,118, out of which it was proposed to pay a dividend of 2½ per cent. on the preferred ordinary shares, and to carry forward the balance of £1,368 to the current year.

The Chairman expressed the great regret of the Board at the resignation, last December, of Mr. Frederick Gordon as Chairman of the Company. Mr. Gordon's knowledge of hotel life and management and experience were of enormous value, and he referred with gratification to the fact that they still had the advantage of that gentleman's services as a member of the board. Referring to the Hôtel Majestic at Harrogate he said they did not fear competition. As to their southern hotels, the Burlington, at Dover, though it had somewhat suffered consequent on the harbour works, would probably be benefited when certain lines of steamers began to call at the port for passenger traffic. With regard to the London hotels, certain structural alterations at the Great Central Hotel had been carried out, and about £3,900 had been expended in developing the Wharnccliffe rooms. This outlay had been fully justified, but the directors had not felt warranted in further increasing the capital, and the expenditure had been transferred to a special account, from which a third of the amount had been written off this year—a process which would be continued until the account was eliminated. As to the Hôtel Russell, its popularity was established, and he thought it was one of London's most attractive hotels. In dealing with the report and balance-sheet, he said the actual gross receipts were about £8,500 in excess of those of the previous year. He called attention to these facts: In the first place, this year they had earned the £4,700 expended on advertising, which they did not earn last year; they had earned something like £1,306, which was one-third of the cost of the Wharnccliffe alteration, and which they had written off; they had earned £1,450, which was the amount put to reserve over and above what they had expended on the maintenance of the hotels; and, in addition, they had earned £3,750, which was the amount they recommended should be paid as a dividend to the preferred ordinary shareholders. The amount they were carrying forward this year was £60 more than what they carried forward last year. With respect to the future it was a very encouraging fact that, in spite of the worst summer which had been experienced in this country for many years, the Company's gross takings in the first three months of

the current year had been substantially in excess of those for the corresponding period of last year. He concluded by proposing the adoption of the report and accounts, and the payment of the dividend.

Mr. F. Gordon seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

An extraordinary general meeting was held subsequently, when resolutions were passed making certain alterations in clauses 88 and 95 of the Articles of Association, having reference chiefly to the constitution of the board of directors.

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